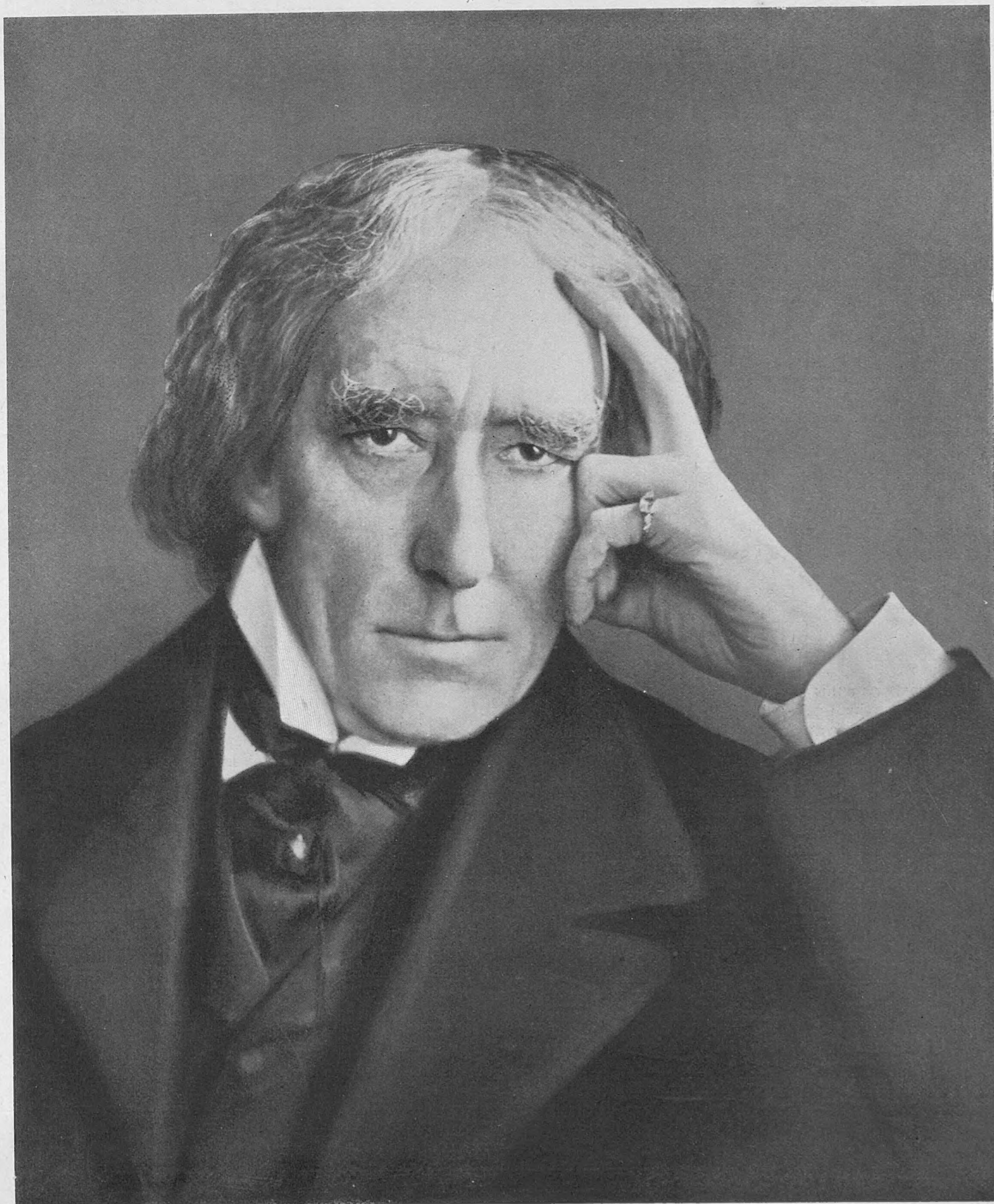




No. 483.—VOL. XXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1902.

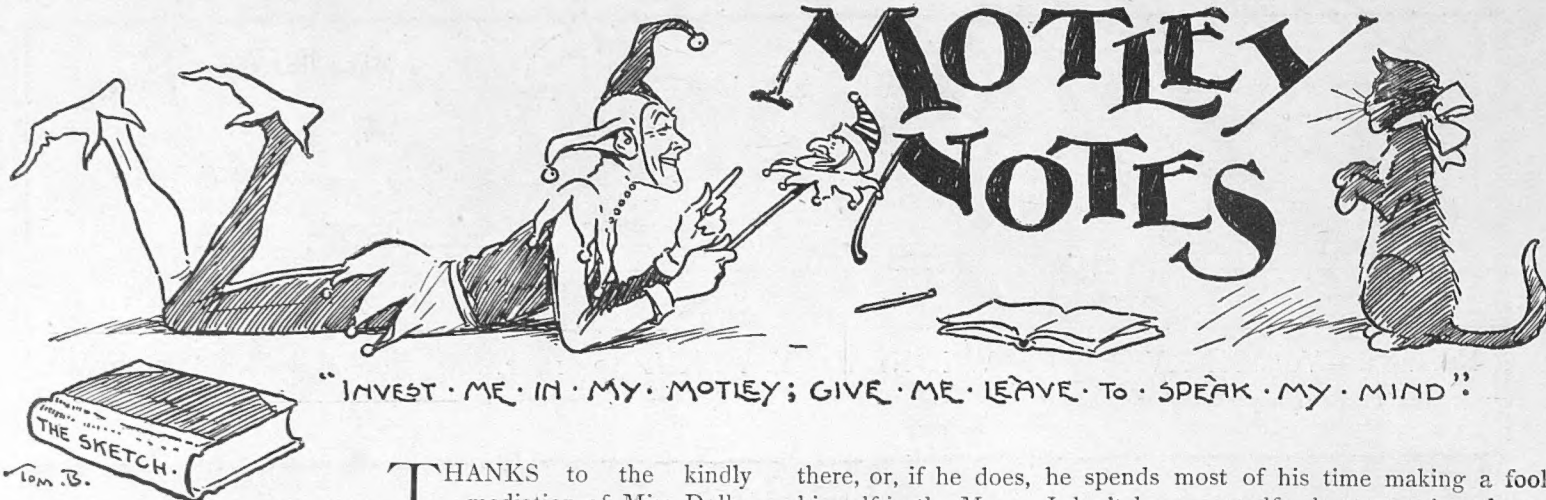
SIXPENCE.



SIR HENRY IRVING,
WHO RE-PRODUCED "FAUST" AT THE LYCEUM LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, RESUMING HIS OLD PART OF MEPHISTOPHELES.

(SEE PAGE 46.)

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.



THANKS to the kindly mediation of Miss Dolly, I am spared the trying ordeal of introducing myself as a stranger to readers of *The Sketch*. Indeed, so long and so patiently have they borne with my moods and mannerisms in another part of the paper that, really, as I write these opening lines, I am not trembling half so much as I had anticipated. It is a nerve-shaking experience, of course, to be suddenly uprooted from a genial garden of irresponsibility and re-planted in a wilderness of print unrelieved by a solitary oasis of illustration. However, a great deal depends upon the gardener; for the reader it is to encourage me with sunny smiles, water me with an occasional tear, shield me from the rude gales of unfriendly criticism. So, perhaps, I may take root in this strange soil and bring forth fruit that shall be good enough, at any rate, for consumption in a railway-carriage, a shaded hammock, or a deep arm-chair.

There! I have been worrying for days and days over that first paragraph, but, now that it is off my mind at last, I may as well admit that I don't really care for reading in railway-carriages. Illustrated papers, I hasten to add, are always a boon to the traveller, but the novel must be very light and bright that keeps me awake when I am in the train or interests me more than the country through which I am passing. Yet, again, I would rather read than talk. I know of nothing more exasperating than to find oneself cooped up for a journey of any length whatever with a man or woman who expects one to chatter away on trivial subjects as easily and patiently as though one were gossiping over a cup of afternoon tea. Sustained conversation, unless it be on a very interesting topic or with a very dear friend, is always trying; but how much worse to be compelled, for an hour or two hours in succession, to bellow out commonplaces at the top of your voice.

I put the matter in this way to a man I met at Paddington the other day. We were both going down to Warwickshire—he to take tea with Miss Ellen Terry at Stratford-on-Avon; I to spend a quiet Sunday in the straggling, old-world village where I was brought up. Neither of us, I think, was prepared to entertain the other with small talk all the way; in fact, no sooner had we secured our seats in a smoking-compartment on the Leamington "slip" than we both hastened to explain how trying it was to keep up a conversation in a railway-carriage. My friend, to make it quite clear that he wished to be left alone, informed me that he had a bag-full of proofs to correct; I, that there should be no mistake about my passionate desire of peace, flourished before his eyes a new copy of "The Lady Paramount." Judge of our surprise, then, when we found, on arriving at Leamington, that we had not stopped talking for thirty seconds all the way down. Of course, he was an exceptionally interesting person.

After mature deliberation, I have arrived at the conclusion that the Londoner infinitely prefers to pay for his pleasure than to get it for nothing. In fact, he has become so accustomed to doling out sixpences and shillings that he never feels really happy until he has passed through a turnstile. The germ of this great discovery came to me a few evenings ago, as I strolled homewards through the Embankment Gardens. For here was a veritable little paradise—fresh, green turf; swaying daffodils; sweet-scented hyacinths. And yet, because there is no charge for admission, the place was practically deserted. You will find just the same thing at Hampton Court. I can imagine no more delightful spot on a spring or summer afternoon than those old, spacious gardens, gay with every sort of flower and teeming with historical interest. But the Londoner doesn't go

there, or, if he does, he spends most of his time making a fool of himself in the Maze. I don't know, myself, what attraction there can be about getting lost in a muddle of dusty hedges—unless it is that the sum of one penny is charged for admission.

I hope our many millionaire-newspaper-proprietors will not allow the idea of a College of Journalism, discussed in last Friday's *Daily Mail*, to fall through. Putting aside the question of my own shortcomings, I recognise so constantly the deficiencies of my brother writers that I should be greatly relieved for the journalism of the future if such a scheme could be brought to perfection. It seems that the aim of the generous gentleman who has offered to provide, for an experimental period of three years, a travelling scholarship, value £400 per annum, to be known as the "Steevens Scholarship," is to foster a spirit of investigation in all the phases and branches of journalism. Four hundred pounds per annum won't be any too much if the student is to make a good job of the thing. Before starting out upon the mission of inquiry, he should be thoroughly sounded by his doctor, insure his life, and get written certificates of good character from his late head-master and the Vicar of his parish.

On Friday night last I had the honour of being present at the annual dinner of the London Sketch Club. Most of the clever artists whose work has adorned, and is still adorning, these pages were present. One interesting little group was composed of Phil May, Dudley Hardy, and "Jimmy" Pryde; the mercurial Hassall rushed to and fro all the evening, striving to keep in touch with his many guests, who, somehow or other, had been scattered all over the room; the veteran Fitzgerald was there, and so were the picturesque Starr Wood, the precocious Frank Reynolds, the immaculate Sauber, the imperturbable René Bull, the beaming Lance Thackeray, the plutocratic Cecil Aldin. It was a weirdly amusing evening, but the artists I have mentioned worked so hard all the time that they made me feel quite tired. I am sure Hassall must have signed his name on fifty menu-cards, and, through the smoke, I saw Phil May doing the same. When the poor fellows weren't obliging autograph-hunters, they were delighting art-enthusiasts by making gratuitous sketches on shirt-fronts and programmes and anything else that came handy. I suppose, if Mr. Alfred Austin had been there, his admirers would have expected him to knock off a sonnet or two and write a leader.

First-night humour is no longer confined to the gallery. At the Lyceum on Saturday, a distinguished dramatic critic who sat near me was amusing himself, under cover of the darkness that shrouds the opening scene of "Faust," by gently reproving the late-comers. This he did by making that sound with the mouth—it cannot be expressed in letters—indicative of gentle distress, as who should say, "Dear, dear! What a pity!" The idea soon appealed to those sitting around him, the consequence being that, as each belated playgoer opened the doors and let in a rush of cold east wind, he or she was greeted with quite a chorus of reproachful tongue-clicks. One of the victims was a clever and well-known actress who has just finished playing in a comedy at a West-End theatre. So overcome was the lady by the strange noises issuing from the gloom of the auditorium that I felt bound to offer her my seat at the end of the row until the lights should go up and she could find her own place. Don't suppose, however, that the distinguished dramatic critic was at all abashed. On the contrary, he assured me that he hadn't had so much fun at a first-night for years. Small wonder that our national drama is tottering to a fall!

Chicote

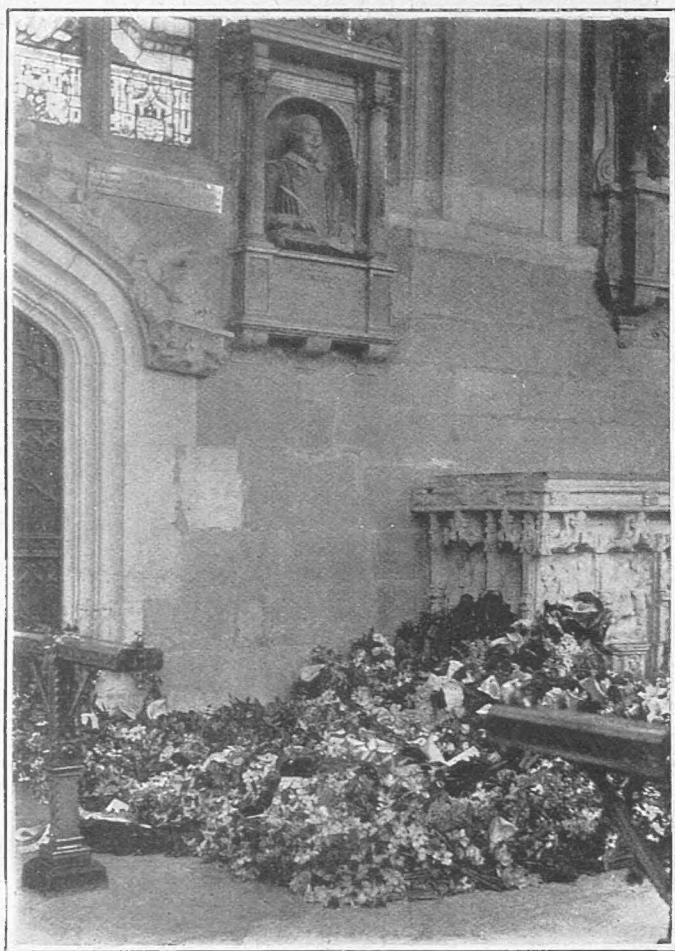


THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE EAST-END.

On Wednesday last, the Princess of Wales visited Bethnal Green to attend a "café chantant" in aid of the work carried on in connection with the Church of St. James-the-Less. A bouquet was presented to Her Royal Highness by the Vicar's daughter, Miss Dorothy Ditchfield, and, to commemorate her visit, the Princess planted a plane-tree on a terrace overlooking the recreation-ground. The above sketches are by John Hassall.

THE GREAT DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE Shakspeare lovers assembled in large force at Stratford on Wednesday. They had come to "keep up" a highly important anniversary, and keep it up they did, albeit many were disappointed to find that for the first time there was no birthday *matinée*. As usual, all over the beautiful old town, which was again *en fête*, the



SHAKSPEARE'S TOMB IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH COVERED WITH FLORAL TRIBUTES IN HONOUR OF THE POET'S BIRTHDAY (APRIL 23).

"Amurrican" language was extensively spoken, the American flag loomed large, and the good ship—or rather, steam-launch—*George Washington*, with its assertive "Welcome to the Avon" placard, was in great demand for trips up to Charlecote, at which charming place the juvenile William in his pre-play-writing days was wont to filch Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, the young rogue! The Birth-house, of course, did a roaring trade, and so did the Cottage where Shakspeare was wont to woo on that cosy "Courting Seat." Multitudinous sixpences were taken at the glorious old church, and the tomb was smothered more than usual with the choicest bouquets, with complimentary cards attached thereto. One sweet wreath, plain for all men to see, bore the following inscription, "From Shakspeare's most devoted but humblest student, Marie Corelli." It may be here mentioned that I speedily found that Miss Corelli had just built herself on the outskirts of the town a lordly pleasure-house, or rather, writing-house, containing all sorts of wonderful rooms, one of them containing eight hundred pounds' worth of furniture.

There was only one thing that served to mar, for a while, the general joy of the whole celebration, and that was an alarming rumour that Miss Ellen Terry was too ill to appear as Queen Katherine of Aragon, and that, perchance, there would be no performance. This rumour, however, did not prevent huge crowds from assembling around the handsome Memorial Theatre to wait from early morning until the doors opened at seven, just as if the affair was a big West-End first-night. Happily, Miss Terry in due course came out of the Old Red Horse Hotel (as she had not been able to find room with Mr. and Mrs. Benson at the Shakspeare), and it was speedily seen, as she stepped proudly upon the stage, that she not only gave the lie direct to the aforesaid rumour, but that she was even in better form than she was when she played this character in Sir Henry Irving's splendid production at the Lyceum. It was owing to the fact of Miss Terry having been engaged, and thus making her first appearance in England since her return from America, that the theatre contained a larger number

of carriage-folk and county family representatives than I have yet seen at this annual celebration. Mr. Benson, making his first appearance as Wolsey, struck me as being somewhat too flippant at first for "the great little lord Cardinal." In the powerful scenes illustrating the haughty prelate's downfall, he played very finely. Mrs. Benson as Anne Bullen, Mr. Frank Rodney as Buckingham, Mr. Alfred Brydone as the King, and Mr. Arthur Whitby as Cranmer were all very artistic. The performance was illustrated by some charming, specially composed music by Mr. G. W. Collins, of the Guildhall School of Music.

At the end of the performance, the Mayor (Mr. A. D. Flower) stepped into the midst of the Tudor throng, and, in the course of a capital speech, proceeded to make Miss Terry a Governor of the Memorial Theatre and Museum Committee, paying the while a noble and deserved tribute to the gifted actress. Miss Terry charmingly returned thanks, and then Mr. Benson, being greeted with thunders of applause, also expressed his gratitude both to the audience and to Miss Terry, who is a native of this county.

And then, at close upon midnight, we were all bidden to a Grand Reception in the Library, where a high tribute was paid to the pictorial and literary enterprise of *The Sketch* in this connection and where merry-making was continued a good way into the morning.

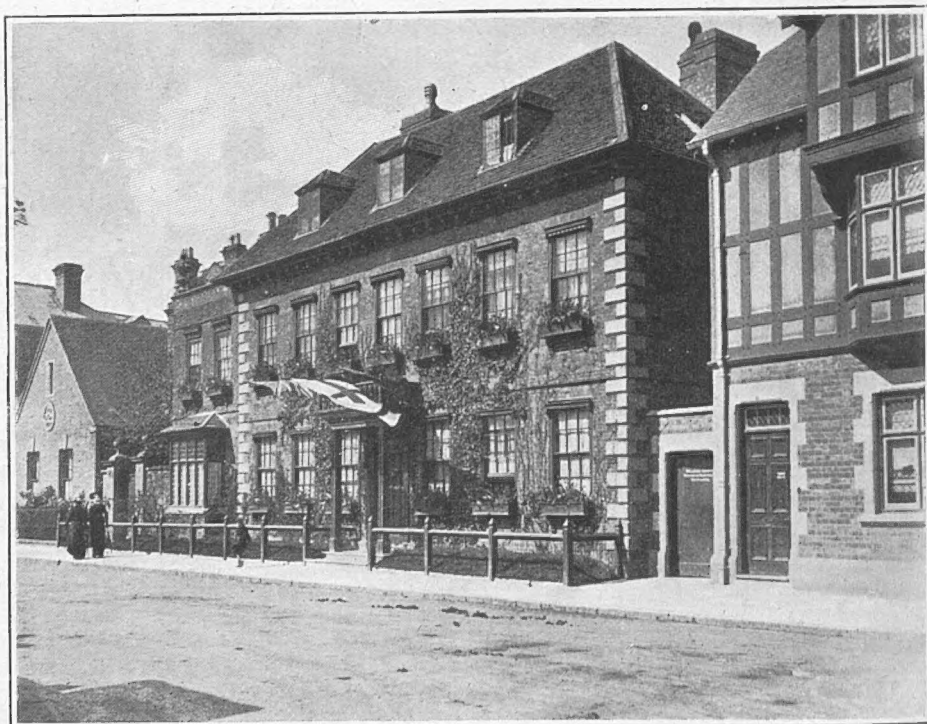
It was raining heavily when we came out, and the noble Avon, which had looked so lovely during the day, began to look gloomy and spiteful and to remind one of the huge flood in which it indulged on the last New Year's Day but one, when the gardens and the street hard by the theatre were between three and four feet under water.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

ART NOTES.

No doubt, it takes a sportsman (or sportswoman) to render the proper expression, movement, and character of sporting dogs, and that is why Miss Maud Earl is so uniformly successful in giving reality to the animals that she has depicted in the collection of "British Hounds and Gun-Dogs" now being shown at the Graves Galleries. Miss Earl is scarcely less ardent in the pursuit of game than she is in the pursuit of art. She has had opportunities all her life of gaining intimate acquaintance with the animals of the chase, and the knowledge that she has acquired in this way has given additional vitality to many of her pictures. But she has also devoted unremitting attention to the structure of dogs, and, therefore, one may always be confident that there are no errors of form, and no difficulties of conformation glossed over in her work. On the contrary, her pictures are always arranged to display the "points" of the animals portrayed to the best advantage. Most of the works now exhibited are more in the character of highly finished studies than of pictures, an impression that is intensified by the many instances in which the mere blank canvas is made to serve as a background. There are, however, a few designs that rank as pictures, and among these the most noteworthy is the spirited representation of the Dumfries-shire Otterhounds taking the water. Sporting dogs of all kinds, including some of the most aristocratic champions, are depicted, and the show will make a special appeal to sportsmen.

As usual, the exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery strikes a note of freshness, if not actual originality, and, as has been customary of late, Mr. Will Rothenstein takes a prominent place with his indoor effects.



MISS MARIE CORELLI'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, DECORATED IN HONOUR OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.



MISS LILY HANBURY AS PENELOPE IN "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

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RETURN OF SIR HENRY MEPHISTOPHELES.

"FAUST," "Ulysses," and "Paolo and Francesca." Who says
we cannot offer successful home-made poetic drama to the
strangers that are paying awful sums for hotel room in town
this Season? There are critics who assert things, such as that
"Faust" is certainly not poetic, and barely even drama, but, in face of
success, why should they be listened to? And are they? Britons are
moved by facts, not fancies, and the fact is that Sir Henry, fresh
from the conquest of America, enjoyed a triumph—or, at least,
an ovation—and the play was greeted with tumultuous applause, and
not a point or passage failed. Even the comic love-scene in the
garden with the widow was received with cheers and laughter,
and the comic asides of Mephistopheles showed how foolish are our
modern dramatists who try to dispense with such crutches. There is
not very much to be said about the affair, even though journalists
contrive columns concerning it. The new scenery resembles the old,
and does not seek higher praise. Sir Henry's Mephisto is as
good as ever; the part is easy for him, and he plays it with
certain touch and perfect ease, and makes every point, and not
the less for the fact that each is anticipated. One could wish to
see him in a better play, but hardly to greater advantage. It
is no good calling her "Cecilia"—even to introduce the King
of Thule song—the young lady is still "Cissy" Loftus, Cissy
grown up and still delightful, and her Margaret shows the well-
known charm as well as unsuspected power. Youth, talent, beauty,
charm, and success! What a combination! Mr. Stanford, the new
Faust, serves very well—one may hardly say more of him—and
Miss M. A. Victor is a popular Martha, though her humours are no
fresher than the music of Flotow's opera. The rest, even including
Mr. Laurence Irving, clever if extravagant as Valentine, are of no very
great importance. Other revivals are promised, and Miss Ellen Terry
is to take part in them.

"CASTE" REVIVED.

"I should like to seem as young at thirty-five as 'Caste,'" said a
young lady in the stalls at the Haymarket on Saturday afternoon, and
really the play wears wonderfully. Possibly, this will be the last
successful revival of the work as a non-costume play, for Captain
Hawtree has grown very impossible in phraseology and his phrases
about "caste" demand some adventitious aid; certainly Mr. Brandon
Thomas got through it very well, but he seemed ill at ease, and
George is a little too flamboyant in phrase for ultra-modern dress.
However, the revival shows that the wonderful luck of the Haymarket
Management still continues, and "Caste" is likely to be one of
the few pieces that can withstand the counter-attractions of the
Coronation period. Everyone will be taken by the Polly of Miss
Marie Tempest. Curmudgeons may ask how Polly, on eighteen
shillings a-week, could pay for her wonderful petticoats and the
washing of them; but even curmudgeons will find her gaiety and her
sense of fun irresistible, though they may deplore touches of
extravagance in scenes with Mr. Giddens, who was ultra-farcical.
Mr. Cyril Maude has been a little blamed for dryness of humour.
Eccles belonged to the era of sweet champagne and sherry, even if he
drank unsweetened gin, and certainly would be pleasanter if he seemed
a more genial old ruffian. The present Eccles suggests that he would
be quarrelsome in his cups; the old style suggested an opposite
tendency. Still, the acting is very clever, and that is the main thing.
Miss Winifred Emery is quite delightful as the Esther, and Miss
Genevieve Ward the best Marquise on record; she almost made the
Froissart speeches tolerable—praise cannot go beyond that.

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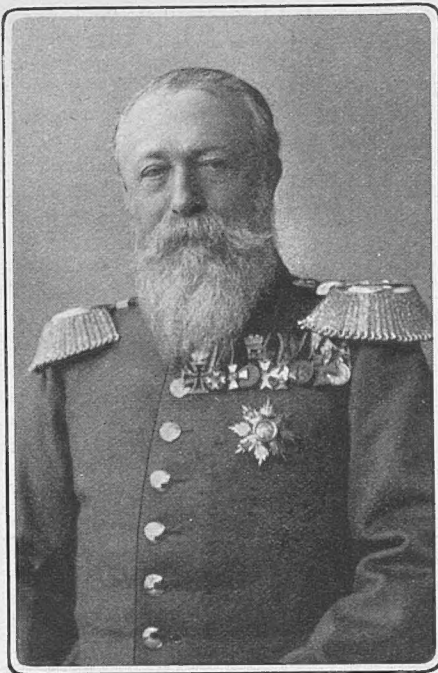
By the Author of "Mona Maclean."

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN.



THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN.

Photographs by Schuhmann and Son, Karlsruhe.

A Royal Jubilee. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, who are just about to celebrate the Grand Duke's Golden Jubilee as Sovereign of the most charming of German Grand Duchies, are among the most revered of Royal personages. The Grand Duchess, who was the only sister of the late Emperor Frederick, was married to the Grand Duke forty-six years ago. She was a special favourite of Queen Victoria, and the most intimate personal friend of Princess Alice, the Grand Duchess of Hesse. It is said in Germany that the Grand Duke of Baden is the only minor German Sovereign whose advice William II. ever deigns to ask, and, what is more remarkable, to follow, and the Emperor and Empress often pay flying visits to Karlsruhe. Of the Grand Duchess's two surviving children, the one is now Crown Princess of Norway and Sweden, and the other, the Hereditary Grand Duke, has no children; accordingly, the Grand Ducal Crown will ultimately pass to that handsome young couple, Prince and Princess Max of Baden, the latter a niece of Queen Alexandra.

Beautiful Baden. Both the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess are very fond of Baden, where they make a long stay each year. It has been said that no reigning family in Germany, not even the Hohenzollerns, possesses so many beautifully situated residences as does that of Baden. Charming Palaces are dotted about the Grand Duchy, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess are extremely hospitable, especially to English visitors. Indeed, they have done all in their power to render attractive the health-resorts of the Black Forest, and their efforts have met with much success.



THE OLD CASTLE AT BADEN-BADEN.

The King's Horses. The Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace are always among the sights that visitors to the Metropolis are eager to see. Just now, however, the King's horses are going through a course of training for Coronation festivities and have little time to spare for the casual visitor. The famous "creams" do not, it is said, require so much tuition as the less distinguished steeds; but the Riding School has been hung with flags almost at the level of the horses' heads, and through this array the grooms ride them every morning. Then the horses to be honoured with a place in the procession are drawn up in line and flags are waved and carbines fired to complete their training, and though, naturally enough, the younger animals express their astonishment at this performance somewhat forcibly, they quickly become accustomed to it and accept it as "all in the day's work."

The Coming Opera Season. Lovers of music may look forward to having a thoroughly good time during the Coronation season.

Both the King and the Queen are credited with the wish to do all in their power to promote the success of opera in this country, and their Majesties will constantly occupy the Royal boxes. That of the King is, perhaps, the prettiest and most commodious Royal *loge* in Europe. It is hung with fine old tapestry, above which runs a white frieze. There is a smoking-room attached, from which access can be obtained to the omnibus-box, to which in old days His Majesty was so frequent a visitor, and which is shared by several of the King's intimate friends, including Lord Farquhar and the Portuguese Minister.



BADEN-BADEN AS SEEN FROM THE FRISENBERG.

The Queen's box is also exceptionally commodious and charming in its fittings, and is that which was occupied by Her Majesty as Princess of Wales. It is said that the number of would-be subscribers to the stalls is so enormous that all sorts of arrangements are being made to extend the seating accommodation, and many popular people who consider themselves quite entitled to the best seats in the house will have to be content with one stall a-week. It is at these times that those who were lovers of opera before music became the fashion it now is may be said to score, for, of course, the majority of the boxes will be let to former occupants.

The Coronation Bazaar.

It has been wisely decided that the Coronation Bazaar, which is going to be the most wonderful entertainment of the kind ever seen, is to be held in the Botanical Gardens, and not, as had been formerly arranged, in Great Ormond Street. The splendid grounds of the Botanical Gardens are admirably adapted to a charity fête. Arrangements have already been made in connection with the various stalls, and there is scarce a *grande dame* or a celebrated beauty who will not be actively engaged in selling. Every country will be represented, Princess Henry of Pless having charge of Germany, Princess Alexis Dolgorouki of Russia, and Mrs. Neumann and Lady Sarah Wilson being responsible for Africa, while Mrs. Choate, assisted by a regular bevy of fair Anglo-Americans, will preside over the American Stall. The Flower Marquee will have

the Duchess of Sutherland as tutelary goddess, Lady Jeune hopes to do a great trade in choice fruit, Lady Carrington is organising the tea-room, and wonderful things are prophesied concerning the Stock Exchange Stall. It is hoped that the proceeds of the Bazaar may really clear off the debt once for all on that most admirable institution, the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.

Two New Ladies' Clubs.

The Coronation season will see the inauguration of two interesting new Clubs, both designed to meet a long-felt want. The one to be known as the Ladies' Empire Club, and which has temporary premises in Whitehall Court, is for the benefit of our Colonial sisters. Lord Beauchamp, most practical of bachelors, is said to have first thought of the idea, and his sister, Lady Mary Lygon, who, it will be remembered, went round the world with the Prince and Princess of Wales, is acting as Honorary Treasurer. Probably few Londoners realise how very forlorn is the lot of our Colonial cousins who have few friends in town. The Ladies' Empire Club will form a centre, and it is to be hoped that all those ladies in Society who have even only a remote connection with the Colonies will make a point of joining. The second Ladies' Club, which, appropriately enough, is to

from the main entrance-hall, and the catafalque was covered with a deep purple pall, the coffin itself being surmounted with a magnificent cross of lilies and hyacinths, sent by the members of the South African League in tribute to their late President. Many hundreds of floral offerings were received, all classes being represented, from Her Majesty the Queen down to the humblest of her subjects. Oriel College sent its tribute, and the Apollo Lodge at Oxford contributed a beautiful Masonic wreath. Not the least notable feature of the melancholy occasion was the large number of Dutch residents of the Peninsula who had come many miles to pay homage to the great dead. Indeed, the whole community sent members, down to the poor coloured people, who lost one of their best friends when Cecil Rhodes passed away. A plaster cast of the features of Mr. Rhodes was taken, to be forwarded to Mr. John Tweed, the sculptor to whom Mr. Rhodes himself entrusted all work of this nature.

"Ye Olde Black Lion."

Bishop's Stortford, which has come so much under notice since the lamented death of Cecil Rhodes, one of its most distinguished natives, has many other features which should rejoice the heart of the antiquary and the historian alike. Not the least of these is the



THE REMAINS OF CECIL RHODES LYING IN STATE AT "GROOT SCHUUR."

Photograph by F. C. Hubrich, Cape Town.

have its Clubhouse within a stone's-throw of the Army and Navy Stores—in fact, between the Stores and Buckingham Palace—is to be composed of ladies connected with the two Services. The list of Patronesses is quite imposing, and Lady Roberts and Lady Lansdowne are both said to be taking the keenest interest in the Club, of which the Secretary is, I understand, Mrs. Dundas.

The King's Chocolate.

In addition to the Coronation mug, the Sovereign will give a tin of chocolate to each of his guests at the huge Coronation banquet. That His Majesty is able to do so is due to the generosity of Messrs. Rowntree, the great chocolate-manufacturers, who have presented him with half-a-million tins of chocolate. Explorers and travellers are well aware of the great value of chocolate as a food, and it is to be hoped that this Royal gift will introduce a practically new food to the really poor, for a comparatively small piece of really good chocolate makes bread and other cereal foods far more appetising than they would otherwise be.

Homage to the Great Dead.

The picture I am able to give of the improvised "Chapelle ardente" at "Groot Schuur" will convey some idea of the scene which greeted the eyes of the many thousands of reverent pilgrims who on Easter Monday and the previous Saturday passed in procession by the coffin of Cecil Rhodes. The chamber was a small hall opening directly

number of fine old timbered houses and ancient inns. Among the latter, "Ye Olde Black Lion" is a particularly good example, and it possesses the additional interest of having been part and parcel of the residence of the notorious Bishop Bonner, and not, as has been stated, the stables of that prelate. In these days of bicycles and motor-cars, Bishop's Stortford will, no doubt, become a Mecca of many visitors from South Africa as well as of Mr. Rhodes' own fellow-countrymen.

Lord Rosebery as a Pig-Breeder.

The home farm at Dalmeny Park, where Lord Rosebery keeps his pedigreed stock, would do credit to any breeder in the country. The pens are clean and well-constructed, the cattle well cared for, and the walls of the various stalls are literally plastered over with yellow, red, or blue bills, trophies of prizes won at various Agricultural Shows. On another farm beside the Almond pigs are reared. Last year, Mr. W. D. Flatt, of Hamilton, Ontario, took out three large drafts of Yorkshire pigs from the Dalmeny stud, and with selected animals he swept the stakes at the Chicago International Exposition, where one of them brought the record price of seven hundred dollars. Another draft of ninety animals has just been despatched to Mr. Flatt; the price paid for the lot was twenty-five guineas a-head. Dr. Hutchison, Veterinary Adviser of the Cape Government, has said, after an inspection of the Dalmeny "Yorks," that these are just the animals that will be wanted in South Africa when the War is over.

The Grand Duchess Helena, the brilliant and beautiful daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, is thought by some people to have a very good chance of becoming Queen of Spain.



THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENA VLADIMIR.

Photograph by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

Russian Army, and is thought by many people to have a very good chance of becoming some day Emperor of the French. It is significant that only two lives stand between the Grand Duke Vladimir and the Russian Throne—that of the present Emperor and his young brother. As daughter of the Czar, the Grand Duchess Helena would be the greatest of European heiresses.

Lady Marjorie Manners.

Lady Marjorie Manners is thought by some people to be as clever and original as is her mother, Lady Granby. She is still in the first flush of early girlhood, and has only lately been in any sense "out." Few modern girls have had a more interesting and delightful life than has the young granddaughter of the Duke of Rutland. Lady Granby has the gift of attracting to her house the most notable men and women of the day. She is one of the very few modern great ladies who can claim to have a salon, and her artistic and social gifts seem to have been inherited by Lady Marjorie. The mother and daughter are very devoted to one another, and it is easy to see that Lady Granby gives much time and thought to her young daughter's appearance. Probably few women living have more mastered the art of dress than has the future Duchess of Rutland. She invented what may be called the smart-picturesque type of frock, which now has many devotees.

An Embankment Tramway.

The House of Commons has given the second reading to a Bill which includes a scheme for an electric-tramway along the Victoria Embankment between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges. Objection was taken to it chiefly on æsthetic grounds. Certain members contended that a tramway would disfigure the Embankment, which was truly described as one of the finest boulevards in the world, but the promoters explained that the tramway would be worked on the under-conduit system. According to Mr. Burns, this fine thoroughfare is used at present principally by stockbrokers and City gentlemen. A tramway scheme has been rejected by the House nine times. Although it has passed the second reading this Session, the opponents hope to defeat it at a later stage.

Old Controversies Over Again.

The controversies of sixty years ago with regard to a duty on corn are being fought over again in the House of Commons. Only one or two members advocate Protection. The Government contend that a duty of threepence per hundredweight is not Protection; but Liberals treat it as such, and repeat the arguments so

familiar in the days of Peel and Bright and Cobden about a tax on the greatest necessity of life. Sir William Harcourt is devoting his authority and experience to the fight with the zest of men of half his age. There will be a great struggle before the tax is carried. The preliminary resolution has been passed by a reduced majority, but the fight will be renewed again and again when the proposal is embodied in a Bill.

The Cheque Tax.

So universal has been the grumbling against the doubling of the stamp on cheques that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has undertaken to make a concession. He did not anticipate that it would produce so much irritation. Even the bankers refuse to thank him for discouraging small cheques. Political friends as well as opponents have been grumbling.

A Fluent Scotchman.

One of the "hits" of the Budget discussion was made by Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, an iron-merchant from Glasgow. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Canada, and everyone familiar with ecclesiastical affairs in Scotland has heard of Andrew Bonar. Mr. Bonar Law is only forty-four, and is a new member with a grave face and bright eye, and with head well set on shoulders. Scotchmen are familiar with economic questions, and Mr. Law held the House with his eloquent and easy treatment of the corn duty. Although he supported the Budget, his speech was warmly praised even by Liberals, and, unless he is a one-speech man, he will make his mark.

"Gertrude White." Several reviewers of Sir Wemyss Reid's Life of his friend, William Black, have referred to a clever actress who was very popular in Glasgow when Mr. Black was a journalist in that city. This actress was Miss Henrietta Watson. The *Glasgow Herald* says that "Black crowned Gertrude White because Henrietta Watson made him contemplate leaving the planet and did make him leave Glasgow." Readers of Black may remember that Gertrude White, a London actress, is the heroine of one of his novels.



LADY-MARJORIE MANNERS, DAUGHTER OF THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

Photograph by J. Thomson.

Stratford-on-Avon Snapshots.

One of my enterprising young snapshotters has been down to Stratford-on-Avon on purpose to procure some interesting little photos for *Sketch* readers. I must congratulate him particularly upon the picture of the Memorial Theatre by moonlight; it is quite unique in its way, and was taken whilst one of the performances was going on. Sir Arthur Hodgson was "snapped" whilst talking to Mr. and Mrs. Benson, and Lady Elcho and her motor have been secured. I am now anxiously waiting for pictures of Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Marie Corelli.

Lord Falmouth.

Tregothnan, which the King visited when on his cruise round the coast, is a fine place, beautifully timbered, and standing in a park of some two hundred and fifty acres. The mansion is Tudor in style and arranged as to its interior with a considerable eye to comfort. The Manor of Boscawen-Rose, whence the family takes its name, has been in the possession of the Boscauens since the days of King John. A Barony of that name, as well as the Falmouth Viscounty, was conferred in the year 1720 on Hugh Boscawen, Warden of the Stannaries and Comptroller of the Household, who had the good fortune to espouse a niece of the great Duke of Marlborough. By the marriage of Evelyn, eighth Viscount, with the only child of Mr. Thomas Stapleton, his wife, who eventually succeeded her grandfather as Peeress in her own right, was able to add to the family honours of the Boscauens the ancient Barony of Le Despencer, created by writ in 1264.

Lord Falmouth has had a distinguished career and has seen considerable service. He was through the Egyptian War of 1882, including Tel-el-Kebir; he was in the Nile Expedition, and commanded the Guards' Camel Regiment; he also commanded the British forces at Metammeh. Lord Falmouth was at one time Assistant Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and has been Colonel Commanding the Coldstream Guards. He has numerous medals, clasps, and stars, including the Companionship of the Bath, the Victorian Order, and the Khedive's star. His Lordship, who succeeded his father some thirteen years since, is in his fifty-sixth year, and married Miss Kathleen Douglas-Pennant, daughter of the second Lord Penrhyn. In view of the crowning of King Edward, it would be interesting to know whether Lord Falmouth contemplates imitating the example of his ancestor, Hugh Boscawen of Tregothnan, who in 1553 paid a fine of four marks for not attending the Coronation of Queen Mary.

Mrs. Frank Mackay.

In a recent number, I had the pleasure of publishing an excellent photograph of Mrs. Frank Mackay, of 15, Upper Grosvenor Street. The portrait was given as that of "Mrs. Mackay, One of the Most Popular American Women in London Society." While this description was undoubtedly accurate, I regret that the correspondent who forwarded the photo wrote a few lines—published in another part of the same issue—which, though still referring to "Mrs. Mackay," were not applicable to the subject of the portrait, but to Mrs. John Mackay, of Carlton House Terrace. My sincere apologies to both ladies for an annoying mistake.

The Fine Art Society.

Some exceptional attractions are offered at the galleries of this Society in Bond Street just now. Everyone who is interested in Mr. Briton Riviere's life-like portrayal of animals must desire to see the drawings that represent his long-continued investigation of their character, structure, and movement, and have formed the basis of some of his most memorable pictures. Many of these works, being direct records of Nature, are marked by a degree of vivacity that is not excelled in the more important productions. The lion has frequently tempted Mr. Riviere's pencil, and is represented in many poses—alert, recumbent, prowling for food in the moonlight, and making his way down to the water-side for his evening drink, but always majestic, for it is the regal strength of the animal that has appealed to the artist. His many representations of dogs are also engaging, and among these the Collies claim attention by their spirited rendering. There is a good deal of variety both of subject and of method, the works being executed in charcoal, chalk, pencil, and water-colour.

There is also a brilliant collection of water-colours by Mr. A. Wallace Rimington, whose wanderings in Spain and in various parts of England have afforded material for a show that is both diversified and captivating. The artist is remarkably versatile, and is as much at home with the precise details of Gothic architecture as he is with the free play of light and colour in sea and sky. His ability in the latter direction is well manifested in "On the Edge of the Atlantic," a marine sketch of much force, marked by admirable transparency and beautiful flashes of violet and green on the sea. There are also remarkably delicate renderings of sky and water in "A Silvery Day on the Exe" and "Early Morning, Cornwall." Most fascinating colour and technique distinguish "Casa de la Infanta, Zaragoza," and there are some charming representations of Exeter and its surroundings, notably in "October's Fairy Veils," where the city is seen from the hills through a haze.

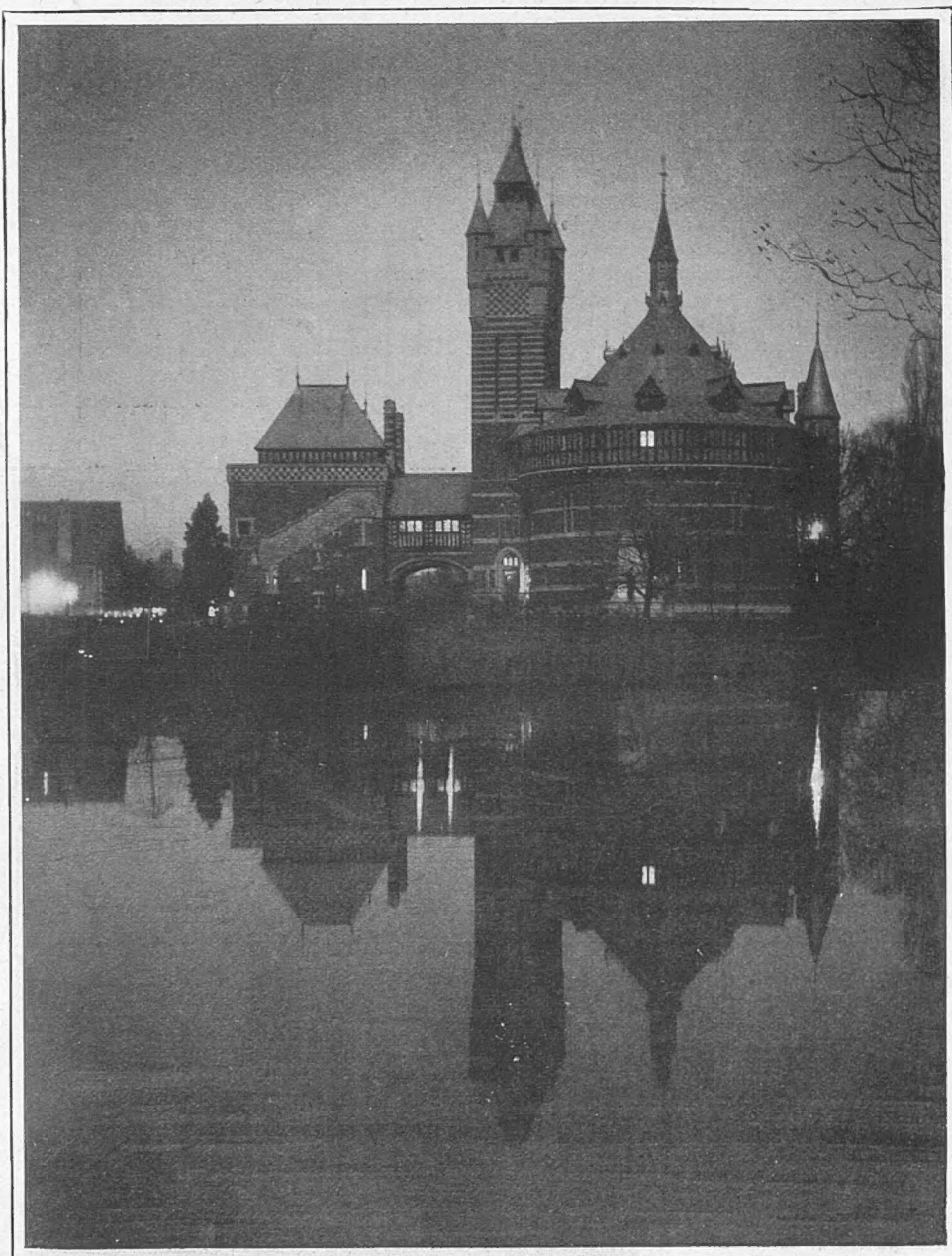
Several cathedrals, English and foreign, appear among the exhibits. Recognition is due to the skilful way in which the artist uses his medium, whether in the production of soft effects

of atmosphere or in the crisp drawing that helps to give solidity to his buildings. Altogether, a most attractive exhibition.

"The Song of the Saxons."

In these days of namby-pamby drawing-room ballads which have nothing but tune to recommend them—and not always even that—it is refreshing to come across a song which strikes a vigorous and inspiring note, yet contains nothing of the objectionable "Jingo" element. Such is "The Song of the Saxons," by Mr. John T. Day, which has been set to music by Signor Odoardo Barri, and was sung for the first time by Mr. Herbert Grover at the Alhambra last Monday. It is published by the Orpheus Music Publishing Company.

In the public trials organised by the Automobile Club and the Metropolitan District Association of the "C.T.C.," the two Singer motors entered were the only machines which successfully accomplished the complete test by climbing a hill each time without pedal assistance.



THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON: TAKEN BY MOONLIGHT.

A Unique Photograph by W. F. Brunell.

Two "Faust" Stories. The very first time "Faust" was produced by Sir Henry Irving there was a little contretemps. While Faust was sleeping, the visions conjured up by Mephistopheles refused to appear. Mephistopheles stood and waited; Faust slept and waited; the audience sat and waited; but it was all darkness—only that and nothing more. At the end of the play, when Sir Henry came before the curtain and was compelled to make a speech—at that time by no means a universal custom—he humorously referred to the contretemps by observing that even the Prince of the Lower World might call spirits from the vasty deep, but—they would not always come.

The characteristic Lyceum care for smoothness of production found, too, its reward in a most unusual occurrence at a theatre in the North. The production is an exceedingly heavy one, and, although the whole of the time had been spent in getting the scenery and effects into the theatre, after the Company arrived it was found that there might be hitches in the working if the house opened on the Monday evening in the usual way. An enormous crowd of people was waiting at the unreserved portions of the house when the decision was arrived at not to act. Sir Henry's "lieutenants" went out and explained the situation to the people, offering to pay the fares of those who had come by train, tram, or bus in order to get a good place in the waiting line. Instead of resenting the disappointment, as some people feared, the spirit which animated the postponement was received with an enthusiastic round of applause, and the people went away quietly, to reassemble in as great or greater numbers next day. Not the least interesting thing in connection with the matter, as showing the regard in which Sir Henry Irving is held, was that not a single individual applied to have the money he had spent in going to the theatre returned.

"Money," at the Albert Hall Theatre. In aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund, some very excellent performances of Bulwer-Lytton's "Money" were given at the Albert Hall Theatre on April 24, 25, and 26. "Money" is a somewhat ambitious play for amateurs to attempt, containing, as it does, so many "character" parts which need thoroughly effective acting, but it was well played and well mounted. Mr. Ralph Alderson (who also figured on the programme as stage-manager) made a capital Sir John Vesey, and the Hon. Vere Ponsonby is to be congratulated on his acting of Alfred Evelyn, most particularly in the Card Scene in the third Act, which is, of course, quite



EARLY ARRIVALS HAVING LUNCH OUTSIDE THE GALLERY DOOR.



SIR ARTHUR HODGSON TALKING TO MR. AND MRS. BENSON.

the *clou* of the piece. Lord Oranmore and Browne's rendering of Graves, "the man of woe," was especially worthy of notice. The ladies, the Hon. Irene Ponsonby, Miss N. Labouchere, and the Lady Oranmore and Browne were, perhaps, scarcely so successful as the members of the opposite sex, but their parts afforded them less scope. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Johannes Wolff, played some very charming selections.

The Child Prodigy. London seems to be the homing-nest of the child prodigy. Now, as a rule, the child prodigy is an abomination of art. The thing usually means that an unfortunate individual, not by any means fully grown-up, is made to exploit his or her talents just for the sake of a gaping public. For that reason it is most agreeable to hear that the mother of Miss Alma Stencel, the newest example of the prodigy in little, has determined that she will insist upon her daughter continuing her studies immediately after her London recital. That is as it should be, and Mrs. Stencel's determination is to be most highly applauded. For, although Miss Stencel has played with great success in various quarters of Europe, it is perfectly certain that she needs further development and further training before she can be seriously reckoned with as a true-born artist. That she is extremely clever, nobody could possibly deny who had heard her play, but, to the present writer, she seems to be an artist in the making; she is energetic, she is accomplished, she has obviously had most careful training, but she has certainly not yet arrived at her artistic goal. Her interpretation, for example, of Schumann's "Romance" (in F-sharp) and of Schubert's well-known "Impromptu" was almost dismal in its artistic effect, although in actual technique the things were faultlessly played.

Sir Henry Raeburn's Pictures. Art-lovers should on no account miss the pictures by Sir Henry Raeburn that have been collected at Messrs. Forbes and Paterson's Gallery, if only for the reason that among them is the celebrated and exceedingly effective portrait of Mrs. James Campbell. This work has never been seen in London before, and, indeed, was only exhibited for the first time at Edinburgh last year. It is undoubtedly one of the most sympathetic, characteristic, and altogether masterly representations of an old woman ever painted, and experts are now pretty well agreed that it is Raeburn's best work. A fine example is "Sir John Sinclair," whose head is admirably rendered and whose romantic tartan helps to give effect to the composition.



VISITORS COMING OUT OF THE MEMORIAL THEATRE AFTER A PERFORMANCE.



LADY ELCHO'S PARTY ARRIVING BY MOTOR FROM STANWAY, TWENTY-TWO MILES DISTANT.

The Barbican Fire. Since the great Cripplegate blaze of 1897, no fire has had such far-reaching effects as the one which occurred in Barbican late in the evening of Monday of last week. So completely did the flames do their work that the exact cause of the outbreak will probably never be determined with any certainty. The fire was first noticed on the premises of Mr. F. J. Elliot, fancy-hat manufacturer, and, fanned by a strong breeze, spread with astonishing rapidity, involving the warehouses on either side almost immediately, and eventually causing more or less severe damage to some forty-four buildings. Curiously enough, greater harm was done on the north side of the street than on the side on which the fire started. The intensity of the flames caused the temporary suspension of the Metropolitan train-service through Aldersgate, and the station was closed, while most of the residents in the neighbourhood thought it wise to quit their abodes for a period. Three hundred firemen, under Captain Wells, were engaged in coping with the conflagration, the glare of which was distinctly visible six or seven miles away. The total damage has been estimated at anything between one and two millions, but it seems probable that even the former figure errs on the side of extravagance.

Spring-tide in Germany. Last week's storm seems to have been the immediate forerunner of spring (writes my Berlin Correspondent). Beautiful, warm, sunshiny weather has come in with a rush, all the fruit-trees and hedges are already a mass of green, and Sunday holiday-makers are once again joyous. All the restaurants and cafés have begun again to have seats by the hundred arranged in the open spaces in front of the entrances; thousands of cyclists speed silently along the asphalt roads on their way towards the spacious Grönwald. They do not get very far, however: the unwonted exercise tells severely on their soon spent forces, and they turn in, with a sigh of relief, at the nearest place of refreshment

to have a drink of cooling beer or invigorating "Schnapps." Here, arranged in a double serried row, are lines upon lines of waiters—old, bald-headed men with gigantic mustachios; rotund little fellows with dancing eyes; gaunt, rheumatic old-stagers with stiff knees and bent backs—waiters, in fact, of every age and every species. Each wears a green felt apron with two pockets for the change. Each has a number pinned on to his coat, and each listens with keen attention to the instructions given by the head-waiter. The latter, a military-looking individual, probably formerly a Sergeant in the Army, gives his orders in short, clear sentences, some of them amusing as well as instructive. I will give you a few exactly as I heard them while sipping my Munich brew in the sun: "You, young man, who are so fond of rushing about, you take those eight tables on the top of the hill over there, and mind you are smart about your work. Never allow any guest to have a small glass; only large glasses are allowed out here in the garden." "You, No. 16, take these front tables. You have only six, but they are the best ones; you will find your portion quite profitable, I assure you." "Now, then, No. 5, you are not a tortoise, so hurry up a bit! You take those eight down there. Do not let your guests sit too long without drinking. Keep awake, and make the beer go quickly." And so on, until all the tables in the vast grounds were variously apportioned. The head-waiter himself, I noticed, took good care to reserve to himself the pick of the whole establishment, namely, the white-covered tables where the most fashionable public sat. Here, champagne and wine would be ordered, and here the tips would amount to marks instead of the



THE GREAT CITY FIRE: SOUTH SIDE OF BARBICAN.

humble pfennigs. The market-gardeners, too, are now working day and night, for the window-boxes have to be filled with all varieties of flowers. The open parks, also, are once again a mass of vivid colour, and spring beams upon mankind from every point of the compass. With spring, too, come hopes of peace in South Africa,



SCENE OF THE GREAT BARBICAN FIRE.

Photographs by Denton and Co., Union Road, Clapham Road, S.W.

and, with that in view, several wealthy Germans have already made every preparation to sally forth to the Transvaal in order to carry on a profitable trade with England. During the War, of course, they are all bitter with fierce invective against England's brutality; but, now that



THE STRAND "UP": DINNER AMONGST THE DÉBRIS.

prospects of commerce are in view, they are busy preparing to line their pockets with the proceeds of that which has been dearly bought by their hated cousins over the water.

The late Prince Henry XXII. of Reuss.

The late Prince Henry was in many respects a most interesting personality. He hated Prussia with every fibre in his being; he rejoiced in being a German Prince, and was thoroughly patriotic in every way, but, like many other little Princes, he detested the arbitrary way in which Prussian sway is exercised over Germany. As he, in his own words, was fond of reiterating, he was determined not to shout "Hurrah!" at anyone's command; if he thought fit to decorate his house with loyal colours, that was his business and his alone—he would not hang out flags to other people's command.

The late General von Rosenberg.

Another departed celebrity is now being spoken of on all sides here in Germany (adds my Correspondent). The great Cavalry General, von Rosenberg, was honoured last week by a monument being placed to his memory at Hanover. The Emperor and the Crown Prince of Germany were both present at the solemn function, and great enthusiasm was displayed on the occasion. The monument set up to the gallant soldier's memory is most simple. It consists, in fact, of a simple block of massive granite with a bronze medal in its centre.

Amongst the speakers on this occasion were the German Kaiser and the great Waldersee, who is never one to lose an opportunity to make his voice heard—a fact largely lamented by a great proportion of his countrymen. Needless to add, the usual complement of troops was present, this time consisting of the "King's Uhlans."

Inventor Ganswindt.

The name of Ganswindt is by now probably as well known in England as in Germany. He made a great deal of stir in the world by the attention which he succeeded in drawing upon himself as an inventor of all kinds of motor-boats, flying-machines, and so forth. He is now enjoying a well-deserved rest in one of Berlin's prisons, while the police are actively engaged in investigating the thousand-and-one charges brought against him for obtaining money upon false pretences. Apparently, he began life as an engineer, and really possesses considerable talent in the direction of invention. Then, however, he seems to have fallen on troublous times, and, in his desire to obtain money wherewith to pursue his scientific studies, allowed himself to transgress the law. The papers here have attacked him most



THE BRIDGE OPPOSITE THE STRAND THEATRE.

mercilessly, and have published copious extracts of paragraphs in different journals inserted by himself with the object of "booming" his ideas.

Berlin Overhead Railway.

The new overhead railway, which has been running now for some time with great success, is the greatest boon to all the inhabitants. The line connects a portion of the town that had, up to some months ago, been very poorly provided with buses, trams, and so forth.



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE NEW GAIEITY THEATRE.

The Strand "Up." "The High Street of Westminster, commonly called the Strand," the thoroughfare of theatres and Italian restaurants, and the promenade of the "resting" player, has returned, in part at all events, to its unenviable condition in the reign of the eighth Henry—a place "full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome." The house-breaker—the legitimate house-breaker—and the pavior are still in undisputed possession, engaged, between discussion of "dead certs" and the inevitable "arf-pint," in improving it almost out of recognition. In view, doubtless, of the near approach of the Coronation, the authorities are working their men—in batches, of course—by night as well as day, and the scene under the glare of flaring gas-jets has even a certain picturesqueness. At the west side of St. Clement Danes, a foot-bridge across a great gap is suggestive of the erections that once spanned the numerous streams which flowed from the meadows of the north and crossed the thoroughfare on their way to join the Thames. Really, the present condition of the road, which, it is to be hoped, will render the County Council's proposed tramway on the Embankment as superfluous as it is unpopular, is likely to make the constant wayfarer wish himself a lad again, for only the small boy—and the traffic—is diverted by the changes in progress.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Continent Begins.

I have just met an American over with his family for the Coronation festival (writes my Paris Correspondent), and he said to me, "Living is dear on the Continent. I have been down to see Deauville and Trouville, and here is my hotel-bill," and, as he handed it to me, he blew very hard at his cigar. Well he might! Deauville and Trouville, which never dream of opening till the end of June, had taken advantage of the Americans over for the Coronation. At hazard, I picked out two such items as "Shrimps, 10 francs," "Bread-and-butter and water-cress, 6 francs 50 centimes." He very laconically remarked that it seemed to him that "Yurup was roasting the 'Murrigan," and he wondered what would happen in London. The hotel-keepers in France, and in the Riviera particularly, are making a positive fortune out of the Americans who have come over; but the latter take it, in general, very calmly, for they know that their visit to Europe this year is one of luxury. I can tell a story of our Princess Louise which has, I believe, never been published. She stayed incognito at an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and when the bill was brought she saw that it was exorbitant. She carefully went through the items, and refused to pay. The manager started to storm, but when he was told to send it to the British Embassy, with her card, he collapsed like a wet butterfly.

Mdlle. Marville. This delightful actress only arrived from her native town of Orleans two years ago, but she took Paris by storm by her *diablerie*. A perfect mimic, she at once gave an imitation of "La Belle Otero" school, and then resorted to the more dainty ideas of Judic.

A New Star. Shortly, but it is unsafe to exactly give an exact date, the heavens will be dotted with a new star. "La Belle Otero" has received and accepted an invitation to go up in a balloon.

The Salon. The first half of the Salon is open and is pleasing. I only speak of it as one who saw it on the *jour de vernissage*, when the controversial stage is numbed by the beauty of the costumes of the ladies. And what costumes they were! They absolutely paralysed you. If you took a single step, you were bound to tread on a train a yard long, and that led to scorn. In point of fact, the floor resembled the famous *trottoir roulant* in the Exhibition. Apart from the portraits, which are exceptionally numerous, I only had the time to note Jean Veber's horribly realistic torture study, which would be better in the Wertz Gallery. The absence of the nude studies was noticeable, and there is a much more healthy desire to glorify the sea and the landscape.

A Peculiar Grievance. Last year, France groaned under the cheapness of wine. So enormous was the vintage that a guaranteed wine was selling for less than the cheapest beer or cider. This spring, there is another grievance, by no means disagreeable to the household with an average pocket. So mild has been the winter that, before the fruiterers had the time to decorate their windows with asparagus and strawberries at fantastic prices, the *marchands des quatre saisons* were selling them on their barrows at ordinary rates. A vegetarian with matutinal ideas could go down to the Halles to-day at five o'clock in the morning and for a franc could buy a reckless banquet of the finest fruit and vegetables, still leaving over a sou for the floral decoration of his table.

Sarah as Francesca. When I saw Sarah Bernhardt at the rehearsals of "Francesca da Rimini," she told Mr. Marion Crawford with effusion that it was a lovely play and that she adored her rôle. Certainly it was welcome to see Sarah back again in female parts, for it was rumoured at one time that "Hamlet" and the "Aiglon" were only the precursors to a series of male interpretations. In that strange love-story of Dante, six hundred years old, famed by writers of every country, and particularly by Byron, she was really too

fascinating. She lived the part and died the part of the deceived but faithless wife. Without being her greatest triumph, it will be remembered among those of the higher order. Mr. Crawford, who courteously sent me the book of the play, was very candid in reference to the various historians that had inspired him, but I think that much of the undoubted success is due to his genius in elaborating permissible scenes of imagination. It is the first work by an English author written for Sarah; although, as my memory serves me, after its appearance in book-form, Madame Bernhardt asked Mr. F. C. Phillips to adapt "As in a Looking-Glass," which was produced, under the title of "Lena," at the Variétés.

Garrick.

My information for the moment is much too vague to risk a positive assertion, but I believe that Mdlle. Garrick, of the Odéon, whose photograph was recently published in *The Sketch*, is related to the family of the great English actor. What a glorious sequence that would be if it were true! In the new historical play at the Odéon, "Les Trois Glorieuses," she simply surpasses herself, and this, when she is under twenty-four, says much, so the Comédie-Française is begging her to come into its fold. The play is of the Bonnie Prince Charlie order, full of life and honest excitement. The events of 1830 that led to the overthrow of Charles X. and the arrival of Louis Philippe are in full progress. Wedded to this is a somewhat dramatic love-story. The piece might be more at home at the Ambigu, where the author would have a freer hand for spectacular effect. It would be ungenerous not to mention the splendid effort of the charming Mdlle. Yahne in a disappointing part from the artiste's point of view.



MDLLE MARVILLE, THE GAYEST OF POMPADOURS AT THE MARIGNY.

Photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

For Mr. Punch. I notice that a flying scud to Paris on the part of *Punch* has discovered that the noise of the tramways and trains and bells and automobiles and bicycles is past human bearing. Mr. Punch is absolutely right. This may reconcile our genial friend. The French, who are to-day prophesying the downfall of England on account of the invasion of the Americans with Trust schemes, do not know that the Americans have practically all this boulevard traction in their hands. "C'est moi qui parle."

Decourcelle's Latest. "La Princesse Bébé," at the Nouveautés, is, like all the latter-day works of Pierre Decourcelle, written with a view to the English and American market. It is of the Miss Helyett school. The plot

is of the simplest, the music of the most agreeable, and, above all, it has the charm of never seeking any effect except by the most legitimate means.

A POPULAR BISHOP.

The Bishop of Peterborough, whose accident aroused so much anxiety, the more so that it recalled the tragic death of Bishop Wilberforce, is much liked at Court, and is by marriage a nephew of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. For nearly a score of years, Dr. Glyn was Vicar of Kensington, and there he and his clever and accomplished wife, Lady Mary, managed with extraordinary tact to conciliate all ranks and conditions of men and women, and it is not too much to say that they were as welcome in Kensington slumland as they were in Kensington Palace. The Bishop of Peterborough has played a part in many Royal functions. He was an attached friend of the late Duchess of Teck, and was one of the first non-Royal individuals to whom the news of the engagement of the then Duke of York and Princess May was communicated. Lady Mary is the most popular of the late Duke of Argyll's many daughters. She early proved herself an ideal clergyman's wife—practical, kindly, and tactful. The Bishop and Lady Mary have three children, of whom the eldest, a son, was riding with his father when the accident occurred, and is just eighteen; while the youngest, Miss Alice Glyn, is thirteen.



MR. ROBB HARWOOD AS AUGUSTUS IN "THE LITTLE FRENCH MILLINER," AT THE AVENUE.

MR. ROBB HARWOOD PARTICULARLY DESIRES IT TO BE KNOWN THAT HIS MAKE-UP IS NOT INTENDED TO RESEMBLE
"A POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER" OR ANY OTHER LIVING PERSONAGE WHATSOEVER.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

I.—WISHAW HOUSE.

IN Wishaw House, Lord Belhaven and Stenton is the fortunate possessor of one of the most beautiful and picturesque of Scottish country seats, one set amid the finest stretch of the Clyde country immortalised by Sir Walter Scott, and within a drive of Milton Lockhart, the ancestral home of Scott's son-in-law biographer, where the "Wizard of the North" spent many happy days during the latter half of his life.

There is little doubt that long before the now prosperous little town of Wishaw existed, there stood, where Lord Belhaven and Stenton's stately home now stands, a "peel," as the tower-like mediæval Scottish strongholds were termed. It was probably in those days the estate was named, "Wis" being old Scotch for water, and "Shaw" meaning forest or wood. Though the mansion now presents a perfect whole, a considerable portion of Wishaw House is, at least, four hundred years old, but the architect, Mr. Gillespie Graham, to whom was confided the difficult task of making alterations and additions to the original building, wisely did all in his power to retain its fine mediæval character. The house stands on the edge of a deep glen, at the bottom of which flows the River Calder, and the surrounding scenery is admirably suited to the castellated type of Scottish architecture of which Lord and Lady Belhaven's country home is a really fine example.

The estate has been in the Hamilton family for over three hundred years, and has been connected with the Belhaven and Stenton title for a century. The present Lord Belhaven, who is one of the Representative Peers for Scotland, succeeded his cousin nine years ago. He and Lady Belhaven are devoted to their beautiful Scotch estate, and have done very much to improve the place, Lady Belhaven taking a very special interest in the lovely gardens, which count among the most beautiful in a countryside famed for the wealth of its vegetation and the exquisite loveliness of its flower-gardens.

The garden-lover privileged to spend a few days in the Clyde country finds it difficult to believe that early in the nineteenth century this most fertile portion of Scotland was practically treeless and blossomless, and this in spite of the fact that nowhere north of the Tweed can forestry be more developed to advantage. During the Victorian era, Clydesdale was justly famed for its pear and apple orchards, and, though the mineral wealth of Lanarkshire has naturally played its part of late in driving the apple and the pear from their just place, every country house and demesne in this part of Scotland has reason to be proud of its old-world orchards, and the country folk in the neighbourhood of Wishaw still extol the special favourites of the district—apples bearing the suggestive names of Chucket Egg, Kailbed, Lady's Finger, Hawthornden, Green Leddington, Golden Monday,

and last, not least, Hamilton Pippin; while, among the pears, the Fair Maid, the Green Pear of Pinkie, the Grey Goodwife, and the Winter Warden hold their own against all new-comers.

Every window in Wishaw House now commands a picturesque prospect of forest, lawn, or glen, and in the fine suite of reception-rooms hang several paintings of deepest interest to the historian and connoisseur, notably a portrait of Prince Rupert, presented by the Prince himself to his contemporary, John Hamilton of Broomhill, created first Lord Belhaven and Stenton as a reward for his gallant conduct at the Battle of Naseby; a fine Vandyck of Sir James Balfour, the Lyon King of Arms of his day; and many quaint counterfeit presentments of dead and gone Hamiltons who all in their time played a worthy part in the stirring history of their country.

Lord and Lady Belhaven keep many of their choicest treasures in their London house, including two extraordinary old paintings thought by many experts to be actually portraits taken from life of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson!

Considering how often Wishaw House has passed into the possession of but a distant kinsman of the late owner, it is wonderful how little it has been altered. Still, some changes took place thirty-four years ago, when, for a while, it appeared as if the title was to fall into abeyance, for, on the death of the then (eighth) Lord Belhaven, his personal property was sold, and one of the most interesting objects in Wishaw House, a cabinet which had once been the cherished possession of Mary Queen of Scots, was left by him to Queen Victoria.

The Scottish Peerage was at that time claimed by two scions of the Hamilton family, and was adjudged finally to James Hamilton, who accordingly succeeded as ninth Baron of Belhaven and Stenton. He left seven daughters, of whom one is now the wife of the Master of

Napier, the eldest son and heir of Lord Napier and Ettrick. The present Lord Belhaven and Stenton comes of very distinguished stock. His father, William John Hamilton, one-time President of the Royal Geographical Society, was in his day a famous traveller. The present Master of Belhaven, who has lately joined the Grenadier Guards, carries on the military traditions of the family, Lord Belhaven having been formerly in the Royal Engineers, during which time he fought in the Zulu Campaign; while his great-uncle, Sir Frederick Carrington, the author of "The History of the Grenadier Guards," was one of the heroes of the Crimea.

Lady Belhaven, who was before her marriage Miss Legh Richmond, naturally plays a great rôle in Lanarkshire society. She takes an active interest in local affairs, and has done much to beautify the interior of Wishaw House, since she is herself a good artist, wood-carving being the branch of art in which she is most skilful.



A GLIMPSE OF WISHAW HOUSE THROUGH THE TREES.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.

I.—WISHAW HOUSE.



WISHAW HOUSE, THE LANARKSHIRE SEAT OF LORD BELHAVEN.



THE GARDENS OF WISHAW HOUSE.

Photographs by Reid, Wishaw.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"Last Weeks" of the War—The Advantages of Rebellion—The Last Ditch, Real and Imaginary—Magnificent, but it is not Peace—Peace in Moderation—On the Management of One's Superior Officers—Followed by their Leaders."

ONCE more the "last weeks" at the Theatre of War are positively announced. The grim drama has had a "long run," and, while it has raised the reputation of many of the chief actors, and was for a time an extraordinary Society rage, it has become dreadfully wearisome to the public. But at last the Army looks like being sent on tour, and Stage-Manager Kitchener receiving a presentation and an extra title. We shall soon be burying the hatchet, or rather, digging up the rifle (for there must be considerable capital sunk in the Transvaal in this form), and beating the gun-carriage into the steam-plough, and the pinch of hard times is in store for the Army contractor.

One writer libelously asserts that the falling-off in the duties on tobacco, beer, and spirits will soon be satisfactorily set right when the troops come home—as actionable a statement as that of the orator who said that "ever since toasts were invented the Navy and Army have been enthusiastically drunk." Too much reliance need not be placed on the marvellous inferences of observers at Pretoria—that General Botha left behind him a light summer waistcoat (an unmistakable sign that he intends calling for it before the South African hot weather arrives again), that a personal friend of the sister-in-law of a cousin of De Wet's has bought five pounds' worth of "Rand Deeps" on obviously inspired instigation, and that Mr. Reitz had the facial expression of a man who had just taken a house.

These masterpieces of deduction leave poor, dull-witted Sherlock Holmes panting clumsily in the rear, but it is as cardinal a rule to distrust authoritative information from exclusive sources as it is to believe everything which is officially denied. However, like many romantic things, guerilla warfare is misery for the guerilla himself, and, in the interests of everybody's happiness, we have been forced to make it as miserable as possible. The want of sleep alone is terrible. Dying in the last ditch—as heroically recommended to him by his politicians at home or safe beyond the seas—is often less disagreeable than living in the last ditch, which is a damp, ill-drained, draughty, and uninteresting place of residence.

He never had any "V.C." or "D.S.O." to encourage him to desperate deeds, and now sees no possibility of having left to him a responsible nation to recognise his services with money, promotion, or title—which generally fall even to a beaten Army. Contrast his prospects if he surrenders. Making Peace, as a rule, seems to consist largely in the victorious side revoking all the irrevocable edicts it has made during the War, pensioning off the most dangerous ringleaders of the enemy, and setting them up in a prosperous way of business to compensate them for their loss of time while pillaging their neighbours. What with bequests from grateful compatriots and

subscriptions from sympathising nations, the profession of the broken and homeless rebel is very commonly lucrative.

There has been an agitation in favour of inviting De Wet, De La Rey, and the most implacable of the Boer leaders as guests to the Coronation, who would have been objects of aversion or contempt if they had not attained popularity by trying to annihilate our Army during the past two years. It is an especially English characteristic to give three cheers for the losing team. Young men in search of an opening towards success in life may be safely advised—rebel, somehow or somewhere, against the British Government. At the worst, you will enjoy free board, apartments, and high-class entertainment.

On the Boer system of deciding such a matter as a treaty, each commando is a self-governing republic, which the burgher appears to abandon at any moment at some casual incivility from his superior officer or to fulfil some domestic engagement. Talk of individual initiative! The General has to make himself socially agreeable to the rank-and-file to secure an election to the Council of War. There is a story of a private soldier dropping in to smoke a pipe with a new commandant "to see how they got on together." Let us only hope that the Boers will be followed obediently by their leaders at the present crisis.

I use the word "Peace" in a guarded sense. There is always a struggle of some sort going on on an Indian frontier, a religious persecution in West Africa, or a punitive expedition in the Soudan. In this country we do not overdo Peace or allow it to run to seed, but keep it within proper limits, lest we should become puffed up with arrogance. But how is the declaration to be disseminated through the Transvaal? If it takes two years for the lonely Boer farmer to discover that the Russians have not captured Cape Town and executed Lord Kitchener, how long—? The proportion sum is a simple one. A soldier at the end of the American Civil War hid for weeks starving in some

woods, eluding bodies of troops with immense exertions and ingenuity, until one of them surrounded him and explained that Peace had existed for some time and that he had only to walk home. HILL ROWAN.



MR. GEORGE GIDDENS AT HOME WITH HIS DOGS.

THIS POPULAR COMEDIAN IS NOW PLAYING SAM GERRIDGE IN THE REVIVAL OF "CASTLE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

MR. GEORGE GIDDENS AND HIS DOGS.

"Mr. George Giddens and two of his dogs" is the way the average mortal would describe the accompanying picture. If Mr. Giddens were asked, he would probably say, "Two dogs and Mr. Giddens." It would be typical of him, anyway, for no man has a greater love for animals than he has, and few have as great. The dog on the lower step is Bob, a bobtailed sheep-dog, which has a reputation, inasmuch as he won a prize at the Actors' Dog Show, at the Earl's Court Exhibition. The other is Scottie, an Aberdeen terrier, and Mr. Giddens thinks them two of the most beautiful creatures in the dog world, sharing, perhaps, that distinction with two other dogs he owns—all that he can possibly keep now that he lives in the heart of London.



MISS GODWYNNE EARLE,
A CLEVER COMÉDIENNE WELL KNOWN AT THE MUSIC-HALLS.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

MAINLY ABOUT "T. P."

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., IN POSE AND PROSE—THE TABLES TURNED ON THE MOST "PERSONAL" JOURNALIST OF THE DAY, WHO IS "SKETCH"-ED INSTEAD OF SKETCHING OTHER PEOPLE.

THERE is magic in the initials "T. P.," as the proprietors of many papers have recognised and the public eagerness to read articles bearing the well-known signature attests. True, the magic is the work of "wit," and not of witchcraft; but that not only intensifies the magic of it, and adds something to the *éclat* of the



MR. T. P. O'CONNOR WRITING "THE BOOK OF THE WEEK."
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

magician, but has brought to modern journalism that touch of fantasy which gives to "nothingness a local habitation and a name."

In the romances of journalism, Mr. O'Connor's career has its assured place. Here we deal, not with the evolving of the journalist, but with the evolved editor of one of the most popular papers of the day, with a dash of the Parliamentarian and politician thrown in. As a journalist, Mr. O'Connor is one of the pioneers in the use of the typewriter, to which he became an enthusiastic devotee as far back as 1885. He has been heard to say that it produced a perfect revolution in his work, for it gave him a greatly increased output, so that now it would be impossible for him to get through all he writes without it. In this way, it became a revelation as well as a revolution. Instead of dictating to a shorthand writer and then having what he has spoken transcribed, or instead of writing with a pen and having it copied on a typewriter, Mr. O'Connor writes directly on to the machine. He goes at a very rapid rate, for his ideas flow in a continuous stream, and he never has to pause for a word in which to express the exact phase of his thought. It is the thought, indeed, to which he devotes his attention, the touch of keys being purely mechanical, with the result that his manuscript is very often quite remarkable. If he uses the space-bar at all, he is far more apt to put it in the middle of a word than at the end, while letters get transposed and wrong ones put in. This necessitates the going over of the manuscript carefully; but Mr. O'Connor has not time for that, and it is the work of his secretary, who easily puts asunder the words which the writer has over-hastily joined in a, happily, easily dissolved mating. When Mr. O'Connor used to write

Parliamentary descriptions, he had a typewriter in the House of Commons; and when he lived at Brighton, there was a typewriter there, while at the office of the paper he has a machine, and two or three at his house. "Whither thou goest, thither I go," is practically the word of his typewriter, which "exercises a tyranny from which you cannot escape," to quote Mr. O'Connor once more.

The only writing which Mr. O'Connor does with his pen, apart from signing his name, is the famous review of "The Book of the Week," for he needs to be constantly referring to the volume. His desk is set in a window on the first-floor of his house, from which, through the greening trees, he can look down the street and see the little house where, as a youngster, with his way to make in the world, he used to live a quarter of a century ago.

From the drawing-room it is but a step into the garden, which, when he took it, was a barren waste, and has cost as much to put into order as would settle some of the disputed property in Ireland at the present time. From the Terrace, Mr. O'Connor is able to look on to the house occupied by Carlyle, whom he remembers to have seen only once. Wishing to find out something about him, he one day asked his landlady of those long-ago days about the Sage of Chelsea, and her reply was characteristic: "Do you mean the funny old man that writes books?"

In the garden, Mr. O'Connor, with the enthusiasm of youth at the game which absorbs the attention of the politician, has practised and even still occasionally practises golf, with one of his dogs as a caddie. That dog really boasts the literary name of "Henry James," after the novelist, who is a great friend of Mrs. O'Connor. He furnishes another sign of the times that literature has lost its distinguished characteristic of aloofness and has become a familiar thing, for "Henry James" is always known as "Coaxie." "Coaxie's" companion is a Yorkshire terrier, whose real name is "James Foster," after a character in one of Mrs. O'Connor's unacted plays. "James Foster" is an actor by profession, and made his début as Nita in her recently produced play, "The Lady from Texas." When, however, Mrs. O'Connor became ill, while acting "The Lady from Texas," Nita resigned the part to an understudy, in order to nurse the mistress to whom he is devotedly attached.

There is one phase in Mr. O'Connor's life which is not depicted on the next page. It is preparing a peroration or a speech. The only reason for the omission is that Mr. O'Connor never prepares a speech or its peroration. His experience of the House is probably unique among the members, for the night he took the oath after his first election Mr. Parnell ordered him to speak. When Mr. Parnell gave an order, his followers had to obey, and Mr. O'Connor spoke, though what he said he was probably unable to recall even the very next day. Now, he speaks as fluently and easily as he writes, so that he commands the attention of the House with his speech as he holds the attention of the public with his writing.



THE DOCKERS' TRIBUTE TO MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

VIII.—MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. (EDITOR OF "M.A.P").



"AH! HERE YOU ARE! COME ALONG IN."



"GARDEN FIRST? ALL RIGHT. THIS IS MRS. O'CONNOR'S DEPARTMENT."



"ALTHOUGH I LIKE TO SIT IN THE SUN WITH 'HENRY JAMES.'"



"NOW FOR THE HOUSE. THESE ARE SOME OF MY 'SOURCES OF INFORMATION.'"



"A BIT OF ITALY: ONE OF MY ART TREASURES."



"HOW DO I WORK? WELL, AFTER THINKING OUT MY IDEA——"



"——I TAP OFF THE STUFF ON A TYPEWRITER."



"FINALLY, I READ THE PROOF."



"I MUST GO DOWN TO THE HOUSE NOW. GOOD-BYE!"

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

IF no other books had been published during the past month, it would be noticeable as that in which two humorous books, the best for many years, have been issued. The first is entitled "LETTERS TO DOLLY," BY KEBLE HOWARD; ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BROWNE (JOHN LONG).

Readers of *The Sketch* will recognise these pages as having appeared in the columns of this journal, where papers from the pen of "Chicot" are looked for week by week. In their present autobiographical character they make delightful reading, and in their volume-form will probably be more appreciated than when issued serially. The other volume is "The One Before," by Barry Pain (Grant Richards), and is the story of a magical ring, the wearer of which is influenced by the character of the person previously possessing it. This leads to a series of complications which are well and graphically told. Humour has been well described as "the talent which perceives and generalises the peculiarities of persons and circumstances in a witty and kindly manner." Both these books answer to this description; they will brighten many a journey and be the welcome companions of many a holiday-seeker.

BIOGRAPHY

has been also one of the features of the month, and, strangely, the principal memoirs have been of two well-known literary men. In "The Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant" (Hutchinson and Co.), we have the record of a man who played many parts. As Secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund for eighteen years, he was able to enjoy literature, without being dependent upon it for a livelihood. His best novels were written in partnership with James Rice, but they all possessed considerable enlightenment and are healthy and pleasant reading. In

"WILLIAM BLACK," BY SIR WEMYSS REID (CASSELL AND CO.),

we have a delightful memoir of a brilliant novelist, a kindly Scotchman, and a true lover of Nature and the picturesque. Sir Wemyss Reid's volume is almost a personal monograph, as his friendship with William Black was a long and pleasant one.

The student of social life and politics will find much to interest him in

"SIAM IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY," BY J. G. D. CAMPBELL (E. ARNOLD).

As a British official, the author has had many opportunities of studying the manners and customs of the Siamese of to-day. He says: "Few things can be more fascinating than to watch the flowing together of the two streams of Asiatic and Western civilisation, to see old landmarks gradually disappearing and new ones taking their place, and to speculate on what course the current will take in coming years." This is part of the task Mr. Campbell has undertaken. His book is full of interest, it is well illustrated, and he has obtained his information from personal observation.

In fiction, "The Rescue," by Anne D. Sedgwick (J. Murray), may almost be called the romance of a photograph. It is the story of Eustace Damier, who is fascinated by a portrait which he sees in an old-fashioned album and sets himself the task of discovering the original. This he does, and, through much trial and tribulation, he at last finds happiness. It is a short story, but it is well worth reading.

"NICHOLAS HOLBROOK," BY OLIVE BIRRELL (SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.), is a story that will certainly add to Miss Birrell's reputation. It is full of good things. Here is one: "What do women care for laws of righteousness? What do they care for justice? What for the everlasting sequences that govern the world? Would not they involve all other men, all earth and heaven, in bottomless chaos to save one heart they loved? That is woman's religion."

"IN THE FOG," BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS (W. HEINEMANN), although a very short story, is full of dramatic interest. It tells of the many devices and plots which were concocted to prevent Lord Chetney from passing the Navy Increase Bill. They all failed, but how they failed the reader must find for himself, for it is a refreshing book and will help to spend an hour pleasantly.

"THE MYSTERY OF A SHIPYARD," BY R. H. SAVAGE (F. V. WHITE AND CO.),

has Russian intrigue for its background. The author says: "In Russia, distrust all men, more especially all women." This is practically the burden of the story, which has in it plenty of movement and adventure.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has finished three more animal stories, which will appear immediately in serial form. The first will be called "The Cat that Walked by Himself," and will tell how it came about that dogs have a natural antipathy for cats, and why it was decreed that boys should always throw stones at them.

Father McCabe, the author of the recent work on "Peter Abelard," is preparing an important Life of St. Augustine, which Messrs. Putnam's will issue shortly.

Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens has completed a new novel of adventure, entitled "The Mystery of Murray Davenport."

Miss Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, whose extraordinary history has often been told in the newspapers, has prepared an account of her life, which will appear in book-form very shortly. The book, which was written in the sign-language of the blind, is said to be remarkable for the excellence of its style, showing that, "though Miss Keller has never known the sound of speech, she has a feeling for rhythm in writing." Needless to say, Miss Keller is an American, and it is anticipated that her book will have an enormous sale in the United States.

Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "The Conqueror," introduces quite a new element into historical fiction. One critic describes it as "holding more romance than nine-tenths of the imaginative fiction of the day, and more veracity than that in nine-hundredths of the history." Mrs. Atherton admits that her book is, indeed, a dramatised biography of Hamilton's Life, admits, too, her excursions into fiction, and promises, as a kind of antidote, a definite Life of Hamilton in the near future. Meantime, a strong protest is being made against what another American writer calls, "a novel which falsifies history with such openness and persistency as to destroy probability," and is "a jumble of truth and untruth, bathos, hero-worship, anachronism, snobbishness, and adulation."

It has been emphatically denied that the famous *Times* Paris Correspondent, M. de Blowitz, is writing his Reminiscences for serial publication, but it seems likely that a biographical volume from his pen is to be published this year.

The new novel upon which Mr. J. E. Stuart, the author of "Wine on the Lees," has been working for a long time is to be called "A Son of Gad." The scene is laid in Scotland and America. The hero is a poor Scotch lad who goes to the United States, accumulates a vast fortune, returns to his native land, and distinguishes himself by his benevolence. It is hardly difficult to identify Mr. Stuart's hero with a famous millionaire.

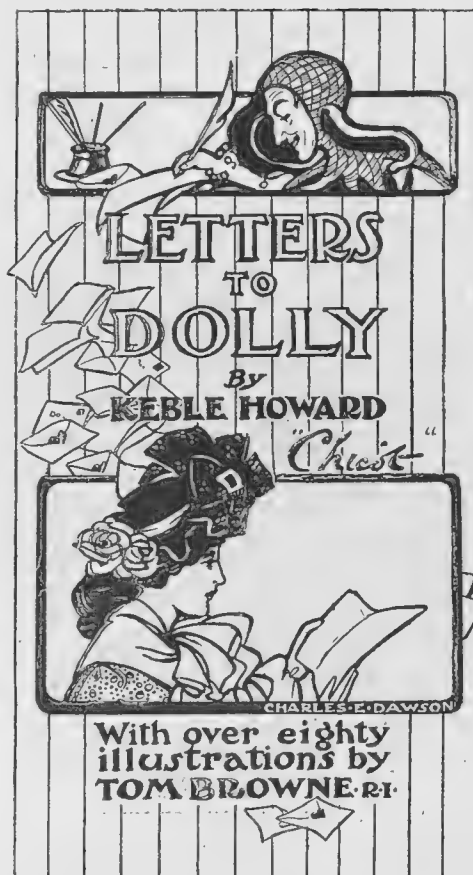
Clara Morris, whose autobiography has been one of the most successful theatrical books of the season, has written a novel on American stage life, which will be issued under the title, "A Pasteboard Crown."

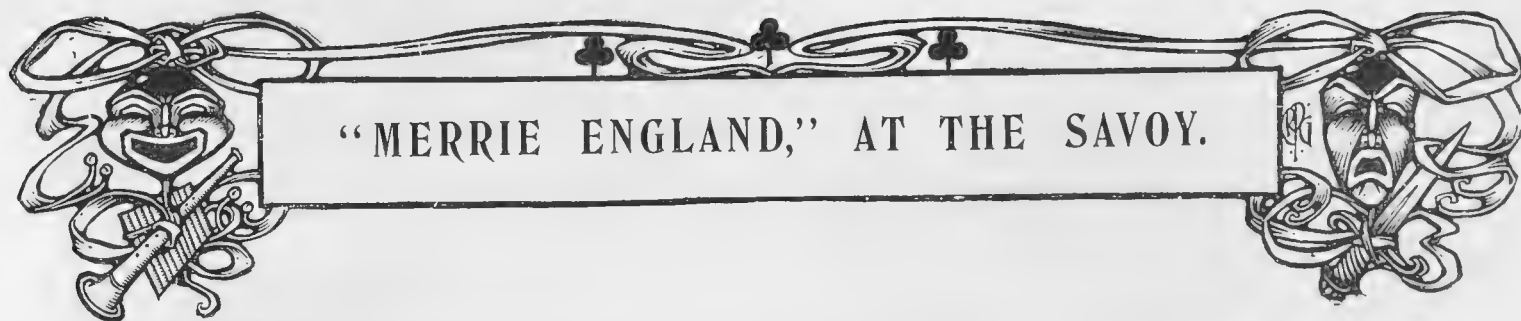
Mr. George Moore's recent statement that, after his collection of Irish stories—to be issued under the general title, "The Untilled Field"—had been translated into Erse and re-translated back into English, an extraordinary improvement was noticeable (he compares the process to a dip in the salt sea, and says that "dipping is as good for stories as for human beings"), has provided Mr. W. L. Alden with an excellent text for an excellent piece of humour. He writes in the *New York Times*—

If Mr. Moore is right, and he usually is right in matters pertaining to literature, we have here the clue to good writing. Suppose that a man writes a novel that is unquestionably dull. He will, in that case, employ some clever Frenchman to translate it into French, and then he will employ another Anglo-Saxon to translate it back into English. The result will be that the French bath into which the book has been dipped will have given the novel just the quantity of sparkle and lightness that it originally needed. Or suppose that the book in its first stage seemed to be altogether too frivolous. All that would be necessary in that case would be to have it translated into German and back into English. It would then have the desired degree of solidity and seriousness. Or, again, suppose that the book lacked the element of lunacy which is found in the works of certain great Russian novelists. Let it be dipped in Russian and it would doubtless be found to have the requisite amount of Socialism and repulsiveness which would ensure its popularity among the worshippers of Russian novelists.

I foresee that Mr. Moore's great discovery will lead to the early establishment of a bathing establishment for novels, presided over by a literary expert. Novels in manuscript will be submitted to the expert, who will carefully diagnose their faults and prescribe the kind and quantity of lingual baths in which they must be dipped. A very bad novel may thus pass through its "cure" at the establishment and come forth a masterpiece. Of course, there will always be incurable cases—novels so hopelessly bad that not even translation into Arabic, Japanese, or Choctaw will help them; but, as a general rule, the process invented by Mr. Moore will have its desired effect, and the character of the novels which have undergone it will be so enormously improved that we shall look upon Mr. Moore as the real founder of English literature.

O. O.





MISS AGNES FRASER AS BESSIE THROCKMORTON.

*"Blow high, blow low! However fortune blow,
I'll let the whole world go for thy caresses!"*

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"MERRIE ENGLAND," AT THE SAVOY.

A Butcher (Mr. Powis Pinder). Silas Simkins (Mr. Mark Kinghorne).



Sir Walter Raleigh (Mr. Robert Evett).
"Poor Robin lay a-thinking, a-thinking."

A Butcher (Mr. Powis Pinder).



A Tailor (Mr. Robert Rous). Silas Simkins (Mr. Mark Kinghorne).
"A fig for cold water, say I."

Long Tom (Mr. C. Torrence). The Earl of Essex (Mr. H. A. Lytton).



"Jill-All-Along" (Miss Louie Pounds). A Lord (Mr. C. Childerstone).
"The Quzen shall judge—Queen Bess."



The Earl of Essex (Mr. H. A. Lytton). Sir Walter Raleigh (Mr. Robert Evett).
"Cross swords and not questions, and I'll point my answers, I promise you."



The Earl of Essex (Mr. H. A. Lytton). Queen Elizabeth (Miss Rosina Brandram).
*"Give me your hand, Essex."
 "With all my heart!"*



Long Tom (Mr. C. Torrence). Big Ben (Mr. R. Crompton).
"A little difference between them."

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"MERRIE ENGLAND," AT THE SAVOY.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS QUEEN ELIZABETH AND
MISS ELLA Q. MAY AS A ROYAL PAGE.

"I like not to leave your Grace with this knave."



BESSIE THROCKMORTON IN HER RUNAWAY GARB.

"Loveless life is lifeless living."



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS "JILL-ALL-ALONE."

*"Cat, cat, shall I sit on a throne?
Verily, yes, when a lover you own."*



MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS WALTER WILKINS.

*"A time will come when all comedies shall be musical, or the
public will have none of them."*

"MERRIE ENGLAND," AT THE SAVOY.



MR. R. CROMPTON AS BIG BEN.



MR. GEORGE MUDIE, JUN., AS THE QUEEN'S FOOL.



MR. C. TORRENCE AS LONG TOM.



MASTER ROY LORRAINE AS A ROYAL PAGE.



MISS JOAN KEDDIE AS THE MAY QUEEN.



MISS W. HART DYKE AS MARJORY.



MR. ROBERT ROUS AS A TAILOR.



MR. MARK KINGHORNE AS SILAS SIMKINS.



MR. POWIS PINDER AS A BUTCHER.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.



"THE WESSEX OF ROMANCE."

THERE are many, I imagine, who will give a warm welcome to this volume, for it is a genuinely interesting book about Thomas Hardy, and, more particularly, the Thomas Hardy Country. It should be said, however, that it will be found interesting not only by the myriads of readers and lovers—of course, the two are not by any means always the same—of the great novelist's works, but also on its own account, as presenting in an attractive manner much that is fresh or noteworthy with respect to "the old ancient" land of Wessex.

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren, the author of "The Wessex of Romance" (published by Chapman and Hall), dedicates it to the large class of pilgrims who, since the pen of Mr. Hardy first introduced the public to "Wessex," have journeyed thither from all parts of England and America "to find a basis for greater love in greater knowledge." Mr. Sherren tells us that he himself is a "man of Wessex, whose family has resided on the soil since the seventeenth century," and, with justice, offers this personal fact as an invitation to confidence on the part of his readers. I say, with justice, for his book everywhere shows an intimate acquaintance with the character and customs, superstitions and folklore, of that now much-storied land.

And this intimate acquaintance of Mr. Sherren's with Wessex causes him to give us in these pages many a humorous picture. Here is one—

... A certain local preacher, once, while on his "round," stayed at the cottage of an old woman who seemed in great trouble. Winning her confidence, she told him "her cow wer that bad, she didden know what wer the matter wi' en: 'She'd gied it a-plenty o' victuals, but er did sicken so terrible much, that er must be bewitched.'" The local preacher's sympathies were aroused, and he went immediately to the sled to examine the stricken animal. Placing his hands upon its quarters, he said solemnly, "If it lives, it lives; if it dies, it dies." Much to his surprise, the animal regained its normal health, but, some time after this miracle had been worked, he himself fell ill. One day, the old woman presented herself at his door and demanded admission, but was refused in accordance with the doctor's order. Nevertheless, she clamoured so loudly that at last her name was mentioned to the apparently dying man, who requested that his old friend should be allowed to see him. Entering softly, as one well versed in the exorcist's spell, and confident of its potency, the old woman stepped to the bedside, and, laying her hand on the suffering patient, pronounced the magical words: "Pore feller! If he lives, he lives; if he dies, he dies." But, strange to say, he recovered.

The scope of Mr. Sherren's book is, broadly speaking, as follows: After two essays on the general characteristics of the Wessex people, there comes a chapter on Thomas Hardy, in which the author attempts "to account for the novelist by an investigation of the environing influences of childhood and young manhood." There are also some criticisms of the moral and unmoral sides of the novelist's works. Next appear some comments on the poems of Thomas Hardy. Vignettes of several Wessex towns, their corporate history, and a summary of the fictitious incidents which link them to Mr. Hardy's books, precede a synopsis of the Wessex novels, a history of Wessex, a glossary of the dialect, and a bibliography of Mr. Hardy's writings. It will thus be seen that "The Wessex of Romance" is, in Mr. Sherren's view, the Wessex of Thomas Hardy, as, of course, it practically is.

While Wessex is the central theme, every available fact, Mr. Sherren

assures us, which would tend to illuminate Mr. Hardy's treatment of it has been incorporated in his book.

Aiming at the completest exposition of the subject possible, the well-known novels have been approached through a character-study of the people, thus providing a rough sketch of the author's "material." All the anecdotes are authentic, and, wherever possible, parallel instances of superstition have been given to those contained in Mr. Hardy's pages. . . . I wish [writes Mr. Sherren, in his Introduction] it to be expressly understood that all the matter contained in the following pages has been written without the slightest co-operation or foreknowledge on the part of Mr. Hardy.

The most interesting essay in "The Wessex of Romance" is that in which Mr. Sherren attempts to "account" for Thomas Hardy. He begins it by remarking that, in the case of several modern novelists, the incidence of their birthplace has no particular literary significance in relation to their work, but, as regards the Novelist of Wessex, he is

gifted with that racial sympathy, attachment, and intuitive insight which no one but a son of the soil can ever hope to realise intimately. "Possessing these hereditary instincts to the full, Mr. Hardy has found in them uncommon sources of inspiration. If there be any proof in the belief that long residence in a district begets an occult relationship between the soil and the men born on it, then the Wessex novelist affords a proof of the theory." Mr. Hardy was born at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, an "outstep" spot, not easy of access—a

place of detachment from the world. In the midst of this solitude stands the picturesque house where he first saw the light, and "where his childhood's days were saturated with rural peace and glamour."

A more favourable environment for one who was to win reputation chiefly on account of his studies of rustic life cannot be imagined, and, if first impressions are the most valuable ones to a writer, it was in this neighbourhood his brain was steeped with those elements which have made so vivid an impression on the public mind. The formative influences of Mr. Hardy's childhood and youth in their main characteristics were grandly simple: the passage of the wind through the trees that almost touched his home; the soft filtering of the breeze in summer, and the roar of the tempest in winter. . . . The woods would introduce him at once into the elusive mysteries of the woodland, the habits of the winged and the four-footed creatures, and the hints of knowledge imparted by the peasantry would be developed by observation, and made fruitful by reflection. . . . Around him the cycle of the seasons rolled their panorama, and, suckled at the heart of nature, he felt its pulsations of renewed being, and the ebb of energies when the branches clattered in late autumn.

All this, and there is a good deal more to the same effect, is interesting and suggestive; but the mere fact that Mr. Hardy was born at Bockhampton, "Wessex," no more accounts for the phenomenon Thomas Hardy, Novelist of the First Rank, than it does for the solar system. That it "conditioned" him is, of course, true, but it does not "account" for him, as Mr. Sherren tries, if I understand him rightly, to make out. In any environment, Thomas Hardy could not be other in essence than the Thomas Hardy we know and admire and revere.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



UPPER BOCKHAMPTON, THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. THOMAS HARDY.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-seven (from January 22 to April 16, 1902) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



THE BUDGET IN EAST LONDON.

YOUTHFUL ORATOR: It ain't the corn-tax as I objects to ser much; nor yet the hincome-tax: it's this 'ere tuppenny stamp on cheques.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY PHIL MAY.



GENTLE PROTESTATION.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY CECIL ALDIN.

A NOVEL

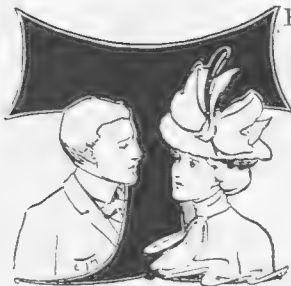
IN

A NUTSHELL.

THE KING'S MASK.

By H. A. HINKSON.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



THE plague crept slowly but steadily westward, and the small-pox followed in its wake, so that men and women fell dead not only in the city, but even in the fields and among the trees beyond Westminster. The nobles, and the ladies especially, feared the small-pox more than they did the plague, since the plague brought

death, but the small-pox what they dreaded more greatly, blindness and disfigurement.

The King was fled to Hampton Court, and thither many of the nobles had followed him, so that together they might beguile their fears with wine and music and gallantries.

But my Lord Burlington was stubborn and remained behind, being, as it was said, so greatly enamoured of the house which Sir John Denham had built for him that he could not be prevailed upon to leave it. And, for a time, his Lordship's daughter, the Lady Anne Boyle, stood by her father and strengthened his resolve, for he was proud of her high courage, because she was only a girl and the gallant gentlemen had fled from the plague.

But when the cry of death pierced the trees about Burlington House and echoed in her chamber, she thought no longer of her pride, but only of her beauty and the danger that it was in. So she besought my Lord that he would take her away while there was yet time. But he mocked at her fears and chid her for her faint heart.

"Is it a lass of my blood and name and afraid of death!" he exclaimed.

"Nay, that it is not," she answered, proudly, "and, if need were, I would shake hands with death to-morrow, but not that. My Lord, I would die comely and not thus," and she lifted her finger as a faint cry came through the open lattice.

"You are but a child," returned my Lord, but more gently, "and yet you talk as glibly of death as a priest of sin. Think no more on it, for sure 'tis a long way off."

"I would die comely," answered the girl.

"Why, so you shall when the time comes," retorted my Lord; "but now you should think on wedding-garments and not on shrouds. Give me your pretty ear that I may whisper in it."

The girl bent her head nearer, with a faint flush in her cheeks.

"Lord Hinchinbroke is on his way home. Five days ago, he lay in Paris. This morning the news was brought to me by Mr. Pepys."

The sudden flush faded from Lady Anne's face.

"And 'tis for that we wait," she murmured.

"Would you have him die of impatience, to find you gone?"

"Methinks he could contain himself until he found us at Kingston, seeing how long he tarries."

"Had he ever looked upon your face, he had been here long since," Lord Burlington made answer, somewhat uneasily. "All the world praises my Lord Hinchinbroke for his courage and modesty. Haste would be unseemly in a lover."

"I must needs believe it, since all the world speaks so, but yet I would that we were in Kingston."

"Why, so we shall be as soon as he returns. Come, let us drink to his quick return. Hewley, fill her Ladyship's glass."

The butler drew near, bearing the flagon of wine, and did as he was bidden.

"To my Lord's return!" exclaimed the Earl.

Lady Anne raised the glass; then it slipped from her fingers and fell upon the floor in fragments. For a moment she stood gazing at the old servant in speechless horror. Then, pointing a rigid finger at a red mark upon his neck just above the collar of his coat, she shrieked, "See, he hath caught the small-pox!"

My Lord rose with a grey face and motioned the butler, who seemed bewildered by what had happened, to leave the chamber. Then he turned to his daughter.

"We will wait no longer," he said, "but to-morrow we will set out for Kingston."

"Nay, not to-morrow," cried the girl, with her hands on her face, "but to-night!"

"As you will," returned the Earl, at last shaken from his resolve. "We will go at once."

Lady Anne caught her father's hand to her lips and kissed it.

"I would die comely," she whispered.

So it came about that the Earl of Burlington and Lady Anne took coach for Kingston, his Lordship leaving behind him a message for

Lord Hinchinbroke bidding him follow them.

Though it was late September, the weather was fair and sunny as June, and the river was gay with the Royal barges, which plied unceasingly between Hampton Court and Richmond, where my Lady Castlemaine was lodged. The roads, too, were full of splendid gallants who had left the plague behind lest His Majesty should lack good company. And many of them drew rein before my Lord's door and lingered until the servants were weary and the horses impatient, so that in a little while the Lady Anne forgot her betrothal and dreamed of lovers again, as she had been used before the Earl of Sandwich coveted her dowry for his son.

But ill news travels fast, and they had left the city scarce ten days when word was brought that my Lord Hinchinbroke had been caught by the small-pox and lay in Paris, slowly mending. The Lady Anne wept bitterly, and refused to be comforted, so that my Lord marvelled that she should grieve so greatly for a gentleman whom she had never seen, albeit she was promised to wed him. Nor did his assurances that all danger was past take the heaviness from her face. She hid herself from all company, and would speak with none save only her father and her maid, Prudence, who was learned in the small-pox, seeing that her brother had lived through it and was so changed thereby that none knew him afterward, and the children, if they met him, ran screaming from him as though he were a wild beast or a devil.

It was even whispered that the Lady Anne herself had been caught by the small-pox and all her beauty ruined, so that the gallant gentlemen with their brave plumes and feathered hats came no longer to the Earl's house as before.

How the matter might have ended is beyond guessing had it not been for a strange kind of rout, called a masquerade, devised by the King, or, as some think, by my Lady Castlemaine. But, however it was, it fell in with His Majesty's humour that the guests should come in such outlandish dress as pleased them, but all having their faces masked, nor had any leave to unmask without the King's permission, and, if one did, the penalty was, for a gentleman, one thousand crowns paid to the King's treasurer, and, for a lady, to be clad in widow's weeds for a year and a day.

At first, the Lady Anne was for refusing to join in the rout, and begged that she might stay at home. "I have no mind for such things," she said.

"Tis the King's desire," answered my Lord, "and His Majesty has ever considered the happiness of his people."

"Tis a strange time for a jest, seeing how quick the people die."

"They will die no slower for thinking on it," my Lord broke out; "and 'tis the King's command. A mask will hide the paleness of your cheeks, so that none shall know that you grieve for your husband."

The girl shuddered.

"I would not have them ruddy," she answered, brokenly, "and the people dying. But, since it is His Majesty's command, I must obey—only, I pray you, give me leave to wear garments of a sombre hue, which best consort with the times and my own sad heart."

"Why, Anne, you shall dress your body as you will," replied my Lord, with great good-humour. "Let it be as a mourning bride, if it please you, since the mask will hide your face."

"It pleases me well, my Lord," Lady Anne retorted; "more especially as there will be few, as I think, to show even so much sorrow as is expressed by a sombre dress."

"His Majesty loves those of a cheerful countenance, and life is a brittle thing at best," retorted the Earl; "but, since it is a masquerade,

none will take account of your sorrow or be hurt by it: 'Twill pass, for I doubt not that Hinchinbroke is even now a sound man and impatient for his wife's kisses."

"I am your Lordship's dutiful daughter," Lady Anne murmured.

"So I love you best," and my Lord bent and kissed her cheek.

Now, albeit she had consented with reluctance, the lady found the King's rout more to her liking as the time for it drew nearer. 'Twas more agreeable to her fancy than thinking on a betrothed husband whom she had never seen and whom now she dreaded ever to see, even though the report was that he was mending fast. What did that matter? For herself, she had rather die many times than live bearing the marks of the foul and loathsome disease. The babble of her maid, misnamed Prudence, gave the horror that she felt no chance to abate, and yet, much as she strove, she could find no words to bid the slut have done. She looked forward to the masquerade with an eagerness which she was herself at a loss to account for, as though it might open a way of escape from the bondage that she dreaded.

Now it so happened that at this very time, when the Lady Anne Boyle was busied about the King's masquerade, Lord Hinchinbroke was seeking her at Burlington House. He had journeyed leisurely from Paris, being still weak from the sickness, and being, in truth, in no great haste to greet his betrothed. Since he was a man of spirit, it had pleased him ill that his father should do his wooing, and that his name and honour should be pledged for a dowry of ten thousand guineas. So he was not greatly grieved to learn that my Lord Burlington and his daughter had fled from the plague. When he had rested a little, he set out with his servant for Richmond, and lay for the night at the "White Hart." There he learned that the King and his Court were at Hampton Court, and had prepared a great rout to please my Lady Castlemaine on the next night, and that His Majesty had commanded all the guests to wear masks and strange garments, as was the custom in France.

Now, although my Lord Hinchinbroke was in little mind for mirth or jest, any more than he was for marriage with a lady whom all the world praised, yet the King's masquerade promised him some little diversion from his present discontents. So he bade his servant seek him a fitting garment for his disguise.

"A mendicant's dress will best befit one who must enrich himself at the cost of his pride," he muttered, as he fitted on the long-bearded mask and threw the ragged gown over his green velvet doublet, hiding the glittering jewels on his breast.

The servant who guarded the entrance to the Palace drew his white wand across the doorway.

"Whom do you seek, Sir Mendicant?" he demanded.

"The King's Alms," Lord Hinchinbroke returned.

"Of whom do you seek it?" the servant asked again.

"Of the Father of his People," my Lord made answer.

The man lowered his wand.

"Good luck to your begging," he said, allowing Lord Hinchinbroke to enter.

The great hall of the Palace was thronged with guests dressed in

all kinds of strange costumes. In their midst was an old, grey-bearded man clad as a shepherd and bearing a long crook. At the end of the chamber was a group of some thirty musicians, habited as monkeys. The shepherd raised his crook, and at the signal the music began, whilst the guests waited expectantly. Again the crook was raised and the dance began, making as strange a picture as Lord Hinchinbroke's eyes had ever looked upon. By his side was a slender, dark-robed figure, a white, rounded chin showing beneath the mask.

He bowed low before her.

"Lady," he said, "do not refuse a mendicant's first prayer."

She gave him her hand without answering, and the next moment they had joined the whirling crowd of dancers. Quicker and quicker came the notes of the music, faster and faster sped the dancers, until their feet scarce touched the oaken floor. Then suddenly the music ceased and the dancers paused, breathless.

Lord Hinchinbroke drew his companion from the crowd, whilst swift-footed lackeys ran hither and thither bearing wine and fruit for the guests.

"Your step is light," said he, "for one who mourns a lover."

"And your mood merry for one that lives by man's charity," she retorted, and the sweetness of her voice caught him.

"We are the favoured children of God," the mendicant answered, with solemnity; "we seek heavy purses and ready hands to aid our needs."

She looked up at him suddenly. Through the mask looked a pair of dark eyes so piercing that for an instant she thought it was the King who spoke to her. Then her eyes fell before his and she was silent.

"We both wear the garb of sorrow," he went on, watching her, "and yet I never knew feet lighter in the dance."

"I would they were fleetier still," she murmured.

"To fly to your lover?"

"Nay," she returned, with some passion; "but to escape, to escape from a master."

Again the dark eyes sought to pierce the mask which covered her face.

"You would escape?" he said, in a low voice. "Why, then, we are comrades."

"What has a mendicant to fear save lean purses and niggard hands?"

"Whom would a mourning bride escape?"

She answered him nothing, but her heart beat hot beneath his gaze. Ah, if she could only escape!

And he, too, was thinking of escape, but yet with a more rebellious and desperate heart.

He drew her from the throng.

"I am too sad to dance again," he whispered. "See, the moon has risen. Come, let us talk of our sorrows."

She went with him meekly, wondering at her own lack of pride, but with a strange happiness in her breast. What trouble had he but poverty, if his garb told anything? And she—why, 'twas her dowry of ten thousand guineas that had made her acquainted with grief. She was surprised at his knowledge of the Palace as, with unfaltering steps, he led her to a little chamber dimly illumined save for the white light of the moon reflected from the river.

"You know the Palace?" she said, at length.



"Summon my Lord Burlington," said His Majesty.

"THE KING'S MASK."

"'Tis a mendicant's business," he answered, lightly.
 "I pray that it will serve you well."
 "Why, so it has, since I have brought you hither."
 "To what purpose, sir?" she asked, wondering who he was and what his station.
 "I know not, unless it be to ask you why a bride should mourn.
 She hung her head.
 "I am but promised," she murmured.
 "And your lover is a laggard?" he said, looking at her curiously.
 "Nay, nay! My husband comes quickly, and then, alas!"
 "You would escape?" he pursued.
 She did not answer.
 "You would escape?" he repeated, relentlessly. His eyes compelled her reply.
 "I would escape," she whispered.
 He looked at the river, where the Royal barges rode, lining the shore, silvered in the moonlight.
 "Why, so would I!" he cried, catching her hand.
 "You?" she exclaimed.
 "Aye, since my hand was pledged while my heart was free as it has been until this hour, but now I swear that your eyes have made me a captive. Madam, I pray you raise your mask."
 "I dare not," she murmured; "there is a penalty."
 "Then I will risk a thousand crowns to give you courage."
 He took the bearded mask from his face and revealed the countenance of a young man of more than ordinary comeliness, which, beneath its pallor, showed dignity and not a little pride.
 She gazed at him for a moment, as if spell-bound; then, remembering another's face, scarred and unsightly with the small-pox, she covered her face with her hands.
 "Madam," he said, "I await your courtesy."
 With trembling fingers she loosed the strings and the mask fell to the floor.
 He flung himself upon his knees and kissed her hands. Then, rising, he caught her in his arms.
 "Sweetheart!" he cried, "let us fly, for the same fate pursues each of us. To-morrow—"
 "Ha, here are the traitors!" exclaimed a voice behind them.

They sprang apart, and then fell upon their knees before the old man with the shepherd's crook, for to only one man in England could that voice belong.

"What!" cried the King, "is it thus that you mock your Sovereign's commands and dare appear unmasked, despite His august Majesty's decree? My Lady Anne Boyle, what have you to answer?"

"The Lady Anne Boyle!" exclaimed Hinchinbroke, doubting his senses.

"And you, my Lord Hinchinbroke, what answer have you to give?"

"Hinchinbroke!" the girl murmured, covering her face.

"I throw myself upon your Majesty's mercy," said the young man, his face full of joy.

"Why, then," went on the King, "you shall have such mercy as you deserve, seeing that your face is still pale from the sickness, albeit I can discern no repentance in it. Ho, call the guard!" and he cast the mask from his face.

The guard entered, and, having made obeisance before the King, took their stand behind the two prisoners.

"Summon my Lord Burlington," said His Majesty.

One of the King's gentlemen hastened from the chamber, while the culprits stood waiting for their sentence—one with downcast eyes and clasped hands, the other with proud face and upright carriage.

The Earl of Burlington came in quickly, with an anxious face, and knelt before the King. Then, catching sight of his daughter, he exclaimed—

"Anne, what do you here?"

"My Lord," said the King, "I command you to take charge of these prisoners who have disobeyed their Sovereign's commands, and at your peril keep them and let them not be set at liberty until the sum of one thousand crowns be paid to replenish our Royal treasury and they be made man and wife according to the laws of England."

"Your Majesty—," began Lord Hinchinbroke, struck to the heart by so great clemency.

"Tush!" returned His Majesty, smiling, "am I not indeed the Father of my People? and so I ask no thanks, but only a kiss from the fairest of the King's children."



A song to thee, oh thoroughfare
 Whose windows bright with bargains glow,
 When westerling sunset rays declare
 The day is done—and yet I know
 Not if to call thee friend or foe;
 Nor shall my song be sad or sweet,
 For thou—De Quincey named thee so—
 Art stony-hearted Oxford Street!

High jostles Low, Joy elbows Care,
 And Wealth trips side-by-side with Woe;
 Both through the selfsame plate-glass stare—
 And, after all, 'twixt high and low
 The difference is a dice-box throw;
 Since well-tyred wheels and ill-shod feet
 Alike may find thee as they go,
 Still stony-hearted Oxford Street!

And I who dream of meadows fair,
 Of gardens wherein roses blow,
 Still find thy stones my shoes outwear
 Far more than country lanes, where grow
 God's wild-flowers in unstudied row!
 Your blooms are false, all made to meet
 Blind Fashion's eye—for gaud and show,
 My stony-hearted Oxford Street!

ENVOI.

Prince, when old Time my locks shall mow,
 And bid my chill heart cease to beat,
 Lay me, I prithee, not below
 This stony-hearted Oxford Street!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



UP to the time of going to press, to-night (Wednesday) was still the date selected for Mr. Charles Hawtrey's welcome reappearance in London at the Prince of Wales's. As *The Sketch* announced long ago, the play chosen is "The President," formerly called "The Spur of Love." This piece was at first

adaptation, one is inclined to smile. There have been several "Sappho" plays of the kind, to say nothing of a "Sappho" written by the late W. G. Wills and produced more than a quarter of a century ago.

"THE ETERNAL CITY."

Although Mr. Caine (as I happen to know) wrote the play of "The Eternal City" more than a year before he wrote the story, and though it has long ago not only been "copyrighted," but also licensed by Mr. Redford, yet Mr. Caine, eager to polish and improve the piece as far as may be, has just taken the "script" with him to his Castle in the Isle of Man.

On behalf of *Sketch* readers, to whom any new work of Mr. Caine's must be of interest, I have made it my business to acquire certain details of "The Eternal City" as it exists in dramatic form. I find that the big scenes of the play—scenes which Mr. Beerbohm Tree assures me shall be the most picturesque ever seen even at Her Majesty's—will be those representing respectively the Jubilee of the Pope, who (for the purposes of both story and drama) has no name; the subsequent heart-searching oration of the impassioned young revolutionist, David Rossi, to the excited mass of Papal Jubilee celebrators; the powerful scene where the fascinating Roma acts (by order of the unscrupulous Bonelli) as decoy to Rossi; the episode wherein the tempestuous young Anarchist dashes in, torn and bleeding; and especially that splendid dramatic episode when the gentle and all-loving Pope finds the recalcitrant Rossi to be his own son by his early, secret, and very unhappy marriage!

Both Mr. Caine and Mr. Tree appear to be at present uncertain as to the casting of this daring drama—for daring it certainly is, even to audacity. When I left Mr. Tree, just before penning these notes, he seemed to have virtually abandoned an idea he once had, of playing the Pope, and to be alternating between the good but often misguided Rossi and the bad and misguided Bonelli. If anything, he seems to lean to the latter character—and wisely, as I think. There is time, however, for him to think all this out, together with the selection of his Pope, for whom he would like to get either Mr. Forbes-Robertson or (as I learn) Mr. Hare. I say there is good time, for Mr. Tree will, he assures me, follow Mr. Stephen Phillips's still hugely successful "Ulysses" with "Richard the Second."



MISS ISA BOWMAN, PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN MR. BEN GREET'S NO. 1 "CASINO GIRL" COMPANY ON TOUR.

Photograph by Draycott, Birmingham.

attributed to Messrs. Cosmo Hamilton and Frank Stayton, but now Mr. Stayton's name alone appears. Whether this will be so on the programmes issued to-night remains to be seen. The scene is laid in that always more or less unsettled country, South America, and the President (played by Mr. Hawtrey) is a President *malgré lui*, as one may say.

Another new play at first attributed to two authors is

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

When Mr. Edwardes first took up this "book," he took it from Mr. Charles E. Hands and Mr. Paul Rubens. Later, however, an arrangement was come to whereby Mr. Rubens should take over the acting libretto himself, in addition to writing the lyrics. This piece was to have been produced at the Apollo next Saturday, but just as we are going to press Mr. George Edwardes asks *The Sketch* to state that, owing to the continued illness of Miss Ada Reeve, he is compelled to postpone the production to Saturday week, May 10.

With regard to the story of "Three Little Maids," it is, perhaps, enough at the present moment to tell you that this trio of damsels, all daughters of a poor rural clergyman, came to London to seek their own livelihood. *En route* and in town they respectively meet with many adventures, amatory and otherwise. The fable of the play (as the late Mr. Colley Cibber would say) seems, as I have already examined it, to be both neat and sweet.

To-morrow evening (as per present arrangements) Miss Olga Nethersole will present at the Adelphi Mr. Clyde Fitch's American-made stage-version of Daudet's

"SAPHO."

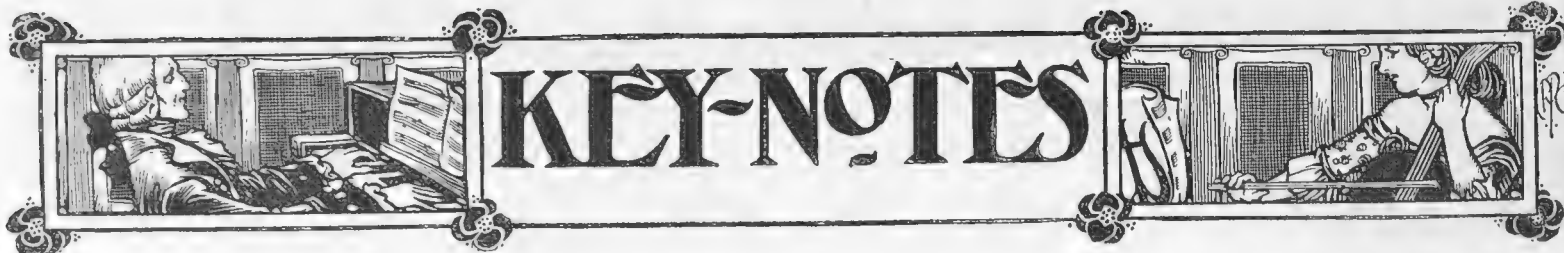
The naughty heroine will, of course, be impersonated by Miss Nethersole, who caused such a sensation in the character throughout the United States. Anon, Miss Nethersole may present to us a new drama dealing with a feminine dipsomaniac!

When one hears that Miss Nethersole has been threatened with an injunction by someone who produced some time ago a "Sappho"



MRS. BERNARD BEERE IN "THE END OF A STORY," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THE production at St. George's Hall of what was somewhat pompously announced as "the Celtic opera, 'Eos and Gwevri,' by Mr. Vincent Thomas, was in its minor way quite an event of the week. The play belongs to the statuesque order of things that one associates with Greek drama, and what one generally

understands by the phrase, "unities." One is bound to say that this kind of remote dramatic interest is not immediately appealing to the modern idea of things, but one must never forget that, on a very much larger scale, it was Richard Wagner's desire to bring musical drama back to that which he conceived to be essentially the Greek idea. Of course, in this case, one is not confronted with a Wagner, but Mr. Vincent Thomas's music has a grave sort of cleverness and an occasional prettiness which in the combination make up a very attractive score. To speak frankly, "Acis and Galatea" is the forerunner of such a work as this, and one may without prejudice give



MISS CATHERINE MURRAY. A MOST POPULAR CONTRALTO AT THE CONCERT-HALLS.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

the verdict in favour of the latter work; still, there is much to praise in this pretty novelty. Miss Ruth Vincent, as Gwevri, sang very charmingly indeed, and Mr. Henry Franckiss, in the part of Eos, was impressively dignified. It would be scarcely possible for any person to make the Arch-Druid of Britain anything but a somewhat comic character, but Mr. F. H. Gould made it as little comic as might be. Musical plays such as these belong, of course, to a certain cult, which in its expression is often highly attractive. "Eos and Gwevri" is among the best specimens of its class, and among devotees of this kind of national art it should have a really genuine success.

The Directors of the Albert Hall are ever in the forefront of the musical battle; and Mr. Percy Godfrey's Coronation Prize March was given there the other night, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, after that conductor's own setting of the "Forging of the Anchor," with which the concert was opened. The Worshipful Company of Musicians had offered a prize for the best March suitable to the suggested occasion, and Mr. Godfrey certainly deserved the meed offered by that Company for the inspiring and scholarly work which was presented to us on this occasion. It is true that he has not made any individual departure from the customary March-traditions; and in this he is, of course, to be sincerely applauded. A form, once it has come to be acknowledged as regular and conventional, should not be departed from for any such equally conventional issue as that which attaches to a public function. Sir Frederick Bridge's band played the thing admirably. It may be mentioned that in "The Golden Legend," which followed the March, Mr. Andrew Black, who took the bass-solo part, was in one of his most admirable musical moods; he sang with a ripeness of vocalisation and with an expressive strength that cannot be too highly commended. Miss Marie Brema, whom we hear too seldom in these days, was also among the solo-singers in Sir Arthur Sullivan's famous work, and she fulfilled her part with her customary dramatic feeling and with (one may say) more than her customary fineness of vocalisation.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, at the St. James's Hall last week, made as a violinist an appeal to the public which proved to be irresistible. He took the violin-solo part in Tschaikowsky's Concerto in D Major, and proved himself to be a player of extremely rare gifts. He has a perfect ear—a thing which cannot be said even of some of our greatest violin-players of the day, and his technical accomplishment is of the

most singular value. At times he strikes one as being somewhat superficial in his great accomplishment—and there is no composer like Tschaikowsky to find out anything like superficial playing—but in the works of certain other composers it was possible to note that this superficiality was rather a matter of inexperience than of lack of emotion.

Mr. Ferencz Hegedüs is a young violinist who has been rather absurdly introduced to the public as "the Hungarian Paganini." Whether or not the description is true I have no means of knowing, for Paganini had been gathered to his forefathers before it became my enjoyable fate to write musical criticism; in any case, there were no such historical scenes as those of which one reads, recorded of Paganini's appearances time after time. Even a Paderewski might on such occasions have been put to shame, and a Kubelik might have taken a place in the gallery. Still, Mr. Hegedüs is a highly accomplished young fiddler; he rather enjoys what one may take the liberty to call "treading the tight-rope" of violin-playing; he gets, in fact, so near the edge of being not quite in tune that a sensitive ear is for the moment almost in an agony as to whether he will overstep the mark or not. As a matter of fact, he never does; and, by one of those strange confusions of feeling which are difficult to analyse, admiration and relief are combined in the desire to applaud. He was, perhaps, at his best in Wienawski's Concerto in D Minor. One looks forward with great interest to his future career.

COMMON CHORD.

MISS CATHERINE MURRAY.

Miss Catherine Murray, who has recently been singing with so much success in London, should, in the near future, command a prominent place amongst our very finest singers. If, in these times, when influence, booming, and name-making mean such a lot in the career of the would-be artist, genuine merit and exceptional ability can still command the admiration and appreciation of the multitude of concert-goers, Miss Murray should make a decided "hit." She has everything that goes to the making of the cantatrice *par excellence*—a contralto voice of great volume and flexibility with a peculiarly sympathetic timbre and charm which blends happily with a thoroughly musical and artistic temperament. Miss Murray was born in Fifeshire, and, when still a child, used to delight her friends with her singing of Scottish ditties. She had the good fortune one day to be asked to sing at a charity concert in Edinburgh, arranged by a benevolent and rich Scottish lady. This concert it was that decided the young lady's career, for no sooner had the concert-giver heard Miss Murray sing than she took immediate steps for her to be sent to London for serious further study.



M. LOUIS GANNE, THE COMPOSER OF "IN JAPAN," THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.

Photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

M. LOUIS GANNE.

Among composers of "light" music, M. Louis Ganne holds a prominent position. A pupil of Massenet and Théodore Dubois, he took the first prize for harmony at the Paris Conservatoire. He has composed three operettas, the latest of which, "Les Saltimbanques," was originally produced with much success at the Théâtre de la Gaité, in Paris, and recently in this country at Northampton. It will probably be heard in London before Christmas. Over a dozen ballets, culminating in "In Japan," at the Alhambra, and some two hundred pieces for piano and orchestra, can be set down to the prolific pen of this young French composer, who is the President of the "Société des Auteurs, Compositeurs, et Éditeurs de Musique."

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

"Let Well Alone"—A Necessary Inspection—Cleaning the Bicycle—The Popularity of the Tricycle—In the Lake District—Real Cycling Tourists—Missed Opportunities—A Week-End Tour—A Lovely Country—Inter-Club Runs—The Dunlop-Welch Patent—Cheapness of Tyres—A Hint for Tyre Preservation.

Time to light up: Wednesday, April 30, 8.19; Thursday, May 1, 8.20; Friday, 8.21; Saturday, 8.23; Sunday, 8.25; Monday, 8.27; Tuesday, 8.28.

The policy of "let well alone" cannot always be applied in the case of cycles. There are hundreds, even thousands, of folks who, as long as their wheel is running in a fairly satisfactory manner, never think of giving it a thorough examination and overhauling. Some people worry themselves by constant attention to the condition of their mounts. Others there are who hardly ever give it a thought until some accident occurs or they discover a flaw by the merest chance. It is wonderful how little a really good make needs looking after. But it is well to be on the safe side and just glance over the parts before a journey is taken.

Then there is the matter of cleaning. I was talking to a man, the other day, who told me that, although he did a fair amount of cycling, he had not had his machine cleaned for two years. This is a mistake. Even though a bicycle seems to run well and freely, it does it good to have cleansings at certain intervals. A bicycle may run well enough without these, but it would run a great deal better for them.

There is a prospect that the tricycle will again come into favour. Of course, those people who are too nervous to ride a bicycle do well

admiring the old-time picturesqueness of the villages, we reached Henley in time for tea. Then came a rather stiff uphill climb to Nettlebed, in the Chiltern Hills. There were still another couple of hours of daylight, but it was so delightful being perched on this high ridge that we halted there, and, whilst dinner was being got ready at the hotel, we had a saunter in the neighbouring woods. Early to bed and early up again, and we were off on a long coast to Watlington. Then we decided to return homewards. It was a beautiful day, but we had a wind that played against us and made riding something of a labour. But, even with this disadvantage, it was enjoyable. We went to Wallingford on the Thames, and then hugged the river down to pretty Streatley and thence to Pangbourne—where we decided that, when we became millionaires, we would have a riverside residence—and there had lunch. We rode on to Reading, and then made away south to Odiham, slumberous with Sunday afternoon drowse, banged at the door of an hotel, got tea, and proceeded on our way. What a lovely country lies between Odiham and Farnham! The wind had fallen and there was that beautiful hush of an English Sunday evening—for Sundays have a particular atmosphere of their own—and many of the copses we passed were carpeted with primroses. From Farnham we struck Godalming-wards in the gathering dusk, and reached our destination with some ten minutes to spare before lighting-up time. It was a splendid day-and-a-half ride, and the only regret I felt was that we did not come across any cyclists on the same mission as ourselves, namely, doing a little touring away from ordinary haunts.

Let me recommend the advantages of inter-Club runs. Members of a Club may possibly get a little weary of one another's society, and, therefore, it is an excellent plan for a couple of Clubs to arrange to ride together to some particular rendezvous, where they can spend an hour or two in congenial companionship—and cyclists are often the



A SUCCESSFUL MOTOR-RUN FROM LONDON TO WORTHING: THE "LANCHESTER" CARS.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

to adopt a tricycle. I have heard some people argue that riding a tricycle is not nearly so hard work as bicycling, and that, indeed, it is a distinct advantage in hill-climbing. I recall with amusement the old days, when I was a tricyclist myself, and how I spent an interesting holiday roaming the Lake District on one of those quaint-looking machines with a huge wheel on either side and a tiny little wheel at the rear. I was glancing only to-day at a photograph of myself taken then on this particular machine, and I could not help being struck with the wonderful advance tricycle-making has achieved in these days, notwithstanding the fact that the tricycle cannot exactly be said to be the mount for the million.

Are there many real cycling tourists? I know there are hundreds of thousands of folks who go off for a jaunt in the district near which they live, and that now and then a jaunt gets a carrier upon his machine and sets out for the pleasantest holiday in the world—riding through the pretty parts of England. These last two week-ends, I have been away with a friend, cycling within easy distance of London, and although one encountered plenty of cyclists, I confess I did not see a single man who was obviously out for a week-end trip. My companion and myself stayed at hotels most charmingly situated, but we had the places to ourselves. There are hundreds of thousands of people who could get away from early Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, and yet I am sorry to write that those who do seize their opportunities are comparatively few.

If any of my London readers want a pleasant week-end, let me recommend one—although there are dozens of others equally good. Last week-end, my friend and I joined up at Woking. We struck away through Chobham, and over Bagshot Heath and through long stretches of pine-wood towards Bracknell, and, dawdling along pretty lanes and

best Bohemians in the world—have tea together, and then ride home with, I am certain, mutual wishes that such another run be arranged at no distant date.

A cyclist must be interested in the fact that before long the Dunlop-Welch patent expires. It is assumed in some quarters that when this takes place the price of tyres will be considerably reduced. I fancy this will not be so. Rubber is very dear, and there is a keen competition in tyre-manufacture.

As we are bordering on the region of hot weather, let me advise all wheelers to periodically damp their tyres with a sponge. The dryness is bad for the rubber, whilst damp, if there is not too much of it, is excellent.

J. F. F.

A MOTOR-RUN FROM LONDON TO WORTHING.

British motor-manufacturers are apparently fast making up for lost time, and the Lanchester Engine Company in particular is going ahead. It is not often that one sees nine cars in procession all by the same maker, but this was the sight enjoyed by motorists on Saturday week, when the run from London to Worthing organised by the Company took place. Starting from the Carlton Hotel and proceeding through Epsom, Dorking, and Horsham, the string of cars, piloted by Mr. Vernon Pugh, had a pleasant run to the little Sussex watering-place, all the cars arriving at their destination without any mishap except one puncture and a trifling displacement of an igniter. The "Lanchester" is graceful in appearance and quiet in running, and its inventor, Mr. Fred Lanchester, may well feel proud of his success in motor-construction.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Epsom.

The Epsom Spring Meeting was a big success; the attendance on the two days came very near to beating record, and I am certain the takings were the largest received for the last ten years. The weather on the Great Metropolitan day was simply execrable; but the King was present, and, no doubt,



THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING: THE START FOR THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES.

The white object in the right-hand bottom corner is the Starter's flag in the act of falling.

thousands of ladies and gentlemen came on purpose to see His Majesty, who looked the picture of health and appeared to enter heartily into the sport. The race for the Great Metropolitan is generally a very pretty sight, but this year it was a mere procession, as Congratulation made every yard of the running and won easily from Servitor and Black Sand. The winner is owned by a gentleman who, I believe, made his pile out of the Kaffir boom, and, in passing, I might remark that it is lucky for the Turf money is to be made in the City, as our farm-owning nobility have not the funds just now to speculate in horseflesh. There was a huge attendance on Wednesday to see the race for the City and Suburban, and the King again came. The eleventh-hour favourite for the race was The Solicitor, who looked well; but he is a chestnut and, I think, is a shy finisher. First Principal won easily from Lord Carnarvon's horse, while my old friend Baldoyle finished third. Mr. A. Stedall, who owns the winner, is a mantle-manufacturer in the City. He drives a spanking team, and is often at Newmarket, where he owns much land and many houses. Mr. Stedall bets but little, but he plunged on this race. A well-known newspaper-owner told me last autumn that the Freemasons improved with age and that First Principal would go on winning. I did not think so, but I was wrong.

The Jubilee.

The next big speculating event will be the Jubilee Stakes, to be run at Kempton Park on May 10. Of course, after the forward running of The Solicitor at Epsom, he is bound to have a big following, but he will meet some fliers here that may lower his colours. I am told on good authority that the race is a good thing for Santoi. I hear Tod Sloan visited Ogbourne in company with Mr. George Edwardes, when the crack was subjected to a good



THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING: ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER IN THE RACE FOR THE COPTHORNE PLATE.

gallop. The two best handicap horses in England, in my opinion, are Spectrum and Santoi, and I hardly know which is the better of the two. Spectrum will, sooner or later, win a big race, perhaps in

the autumn; but Santoi is, if I am not misinformed, fit and ready to run. Lavengro may do better at Kempton than he did at Epsom, and Volodyovski, who was short of a gallop when running for the City and Suburban, may have come on, but I think he will be saved for the Ascot Gold Cup. The race for the Chester Cup, to take place on May 7, ought to attract a large field. Sinopi, on form, looks like a good thing; but he is said to be under suspicion—indeed, one tout says that he has turned roarer. In that case, he would have no chance. Mannlicher may go close, but he is a sour-tempered horse and the tea-saucer course may not suit him. If in form, Carabine, on the Manchester running, must be there or thereabouts. Congratulation, despite a penalty, ought to run into a place. For the winner I shall take Baldoyle, who, seemingly, has mended his manners. He always was a good horse, and, now that he has taken to trying, he ought to be followed.

Race-Cards.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Epsom authorities have at last decided to build their race-cards on modern lines. As my readers know, I have for years agitated in favour of free cards, and I hope the time is not far distant when programmes will be given away at the railway-stations. The cards could easily be made to pay well by the aid of advertisements, and the cost of distribution would be very little indeed. The railway-servants now often distribute hand-bills relating to future events; then why not allow them to strew the railway-carriages with free cards? The theatrical lessees, or the majority of them, have found the no-fee and free-programme system to pay well. Then why not give it a trial on our racecourses? I know the objection of vested interests will have to be met; but this, after all, is only a minor detail and one that could be easily got over. Again, the build of our race-cards might well be much improved. Previous winners on the course should be printed, also charges to all enclosures and railway-fares. Further, the luncheon menus and the charges for food and drink should be printed, together with a little history of the course and some facts



THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING: FIRST PRINCIPAL, WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

as to the going—whether it is improved by rain or sunshine. Cheap information is valued by the public, who will not hesitate to pay a pound to enter Tattersall's Ring, provided they are well primed with information beforehand. Clerks of Courses would consult their own interests by giving good race-cards free gratis for nothing.

Betting News.

By-the-by, I do not think that it is legal to sell race-cards in the London streets, as the new London County Council bye-law prohibits the selling of any document devoted entirely to racing news. It is only right that I should give publicity to this passing thought, or, sooner or later, some poor race-card seller may have to run the gauntlet of a magisterial inquiry. If I am correct, Clerks of Courses will, no doubt, be pleased, as they like their cards sold on the course. I certainly do think, however, that the authorities ought to take counsel's opinion on this question, as it is open to no end of doubt. If I read the bye-law aright, no paper devoted entirely to racing news could be sold in the streets of London, and I presume race-cards registered at Stationers' Hall come under the category of papers. If the new ruling of the L.C.C. causes race-cards to be given away, I, for one, shall be glad. I am afraid, however, that preventing the sale of racing news is not likely to lessen pavement betting, which, seemingly, is on the increase, although I have heard of one or two peculiar convictions of pavement bookies of late. One man in the South-Eastern district of London was fined a big sum for the alleged taking of betting-papers the other day, when, so his comrades tell me, he was simply taking the weekly payments for a Club-fund of which he was one of the officials. True, the convicted man had, years ago, laid against horses; but, if my informants are correct, he has not taken a betting-paper for more than twelve months now.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE ancient and highly respected adage which, like many others, has its seat in foolishness, advises all whom it may concern, "Till May is out, ne'er cast a clout," and so the ancients, no doubt, went on sweltering through the "soft days" of later spring and early summer, bearing their burdens of wintry investiture, no matter what ills of heat they suffered from thereby. This instruction, as far as it concerns adults, has gone, like many others, "by the board"; but mothers are still trammelled by the spirit of the ancient saw, so that their unfortunate offspring continue to be swathed in flannel and Jaeger, and bear the torments of being overheated in these warm days, whereas, if, like their parents, they were changed into more suitable clothes, they would be much less susceptible to cold, from the simple fact of not being overburdened or fagged out by wearing too many. Frenchwomen seem to exercise their individual judgment more in this matter than do the mothers of Great Britain, and, be the day hot, cold, or mildly lukewarm, you will see the small beings disporting themselves in the once wild gardens of the Tuileries, or in the shady nooks devoted to French progeny in the Bois, smartly, but, above all things, suitably attired. Plaids seem, somehow, to suit the juvenile contour, and never could be domesticated to the contour of the juvenile's mother, and, when lately in Paris, I was struck by the fact that some of the most exquisitely dressed children were daintily tricked out in various tartans and plaids. Small dames in accordion-pleated washing-silks also made a most effective and picturesque appearance, though their dresses were fashioned with the utmost simplicity. The French child's frock is as much an object-lesson as her mother's, and one leaves Lutetia again asking oneself why it is that the tiny Parisienne so excels her little sisters over the sea in the art of being invariably well-dressed.

Another fact which strikes one on returning from a stay in foreign parts is the wide adoption of the "powder habit" in England. The daughters of Albion, as well as those of Ireland, are deservedly famed for fairness of skin and general beauty of complexion. Yet quite half the pretty English girls one meets in a day's walk are needlessly "assisted" with paint or dusted with powder. The most pitiable sight in the world is that of an elderly woman who declines to grow old and raddles her face with layers of cosmetics; the most disappointing is that of a pretty girl who needlessly chokes her pores with powder and ventures abroad like a Pierrette of the pantomime; yet both types are not only familiar, but frequent. If girls realised that the use of powder inevitably leads to a sallow and wrinkled skin, they would be more chary of adopting it. Many people who defend the habit advance the importance of shrouding a shiny nose. But there is generally a curable cause for this unpicturesque condition, although, if the use of powder were restricted to that organ, there would, perhaps, be little to advance against it. People with an irritable, or hard, or dry skin sometimes naturally find the use of powder a necessity, particularly in London, where the water is so hard; for such, the best rule is the use of cold cream after washing, which should again be wiped off the face, and followed by a little boracic powder, which has a healing instead of an irritating effect on the cuticle.

Although an entire costume of the same material is supposed to be *de rigueur* for afternoon or occasions that partake of the formal, like garden-party or reception, yet the blouse has never been more daintily construed than in the present *demi-saison*. Intricacies of lace and ribbon and embroidery that it would be impossible to follow in

detail are exploited on every model, and, with this ever-increasing ornamentation, one sometimes wonders where the occasions arise of showing forth all the elaborations, which are too smart for the morning, which are not correct for the afternoon out-of-door function, and which are unsuitable for evening. People who possess such airy-fairy chiffons must regret, like the famous Frenchwoman, that there are not a few more hours in every day in which to exploit a few more fashions.

I have been sent on an invaluable little book of recipes for scones, cakes, buns, and pastry generally, which is issued by the makers of the Royal Baking-Powder, and will be sent to the applicant free, on writing to the head-office at 17, North John Street, Liverpool. The recipes for "Singing Hinnies," "Wonders or Cheats," and "Fairy Cakes" have been tried and found most toothsome. I recommend the young housekeeper to promptly send for this book, and to strengthen her pantry's supplies with some Royal Baking-Powder as well.

Small-pox, one is thankful to notice, is decreasing, if we may trust the newspaper reports, and I hear that Vinolia Powder, which is being extensively recommended by some doctors, is especially useful to sufferers from the vaccinator's instrument. Applications of Vinolia Cream are advised as well, its emollient qualities rendering it highly efficacious.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

G. A. (Wallington).—With regard to your inquiry as to removing hairs from the upper lip, there are two effectual methods: one is electrolysis, which is painful and expensive; the other is merely pulling out the hairs by the root with tweezers. Perseverance in this will, by degrees, bring about the desired result, as constant pulling up by the roots weakens the cells and prevents the hairs from gaining strength, although the "Beauty Doctor" will naturally affirm the contrary.

SYBIL.

VISIT TO AN UP-TO-DATE SWEET-FACTORY.

Next to the fascination of eating Fuller's sweets comes the fascination of seeing them made—at least, that is the conclusion arrived at after an inspection of their truly "model" factory. It is run on American lines, and it is almost needless to add, therefore, that electricity is the motive-power employed. Chocolates form the largest part of the output, and it is the department in which they are made which is, perhaps, the most interesting. The chocolate has to be kept at an equal temperature—a temperature corresponding, curiously enough, exactly to that of the human body—and great skill and knowledge is therefore

required to determine the psychological moment when the chocolate covering should be put on. Another curious process is the making of molasses-candy, which looks like a large yellow strand of fine rope. This is flung round a hook and pulled out by hand, then flung round the hook again, and so on, till it is the right consistency and shape. During this operation, the little tubes of air which form in it cause it to become almost white. It is then cut into small slabs and is ready for consumption. On an upper floor is the box-making department, where the eye catches sight of one or two tricky little patent machines (for nailing the sides of boxes together, &c.) which plainly hail from America. On the top of the factory, stretching across the two wings, is a large roof-garden for the use of the employees in their free time.

Fuller's are their own designers, their own colour-printers, their own box-makers, their own packers—in a word, their factory is practically self-contained, and it was with quite a sad shake of the head that one of the principals murmured, "But we don't raise our own sugar!"



A RACE-GOWN OF MAUVE VOILE PLISSÉ WITH APPLIQUE OF GUIPURE.

SIR HENRY IRVING AS "REHEARSER."

WHILE noting, a few days ago, Sir Henry Irving's preparations for the revival of "Faust," at the Lyceum, I became more than ever strong in the opinion which I formed in this connection years ago—namely, that to see Irving rehearse a play and players is what Mr. Spectator said of loving a certain lady, namely, a Liberal Education. Of course, a great deal of Irving's transcendent skill in this regard is due to a special genius for discerning opportunities for histrionic effects for All Concerned, as the old stage-phrase hath it. But, undoubtedly, Sir Henry's grasp of detail at rehearsal is very largely due to the fact that in his early theatrical days he was fain to add somewhat to his then scanty salary by being "stage-manager" as well as actor. And let me tell you that a stage-manager in those days had to look after everything concerned with the stage—which often meant, in Irving's case, as in that of others, that he had to combine "holding the book"—or "prompting"—with his other duties. When I first met and spoke with Irving, he was stage-manager as well as "heavy villain" at the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, what time the lovable Henry J. Byron's melodrama, "The Lancashire Lass," was being played. That (ah me!) was thirty-four years ago, and well do I remember the gentleness and sympathy that afterwards became so strong a characteristic of this noble-hearted actor being manifested to a very Juvenile Stranger who had occasion to seek employment at the Queen's, one who—

But that is distinctly another story, and one which need not be told here and now. Especially as Irving has never guessed to this moment who was the young boy whom he so unselfishly befriended.

All this seems a long while ago, but, as Irving said to me as we talked over the preparations for his latest revival of "Faust," "You must remember that by the time I shall have finished my present

as ever I have seen him for thirty-odd years, when (as I said) at the Queen's, and subsequently for a good while with his (and our) dear old friend Johnnie Toole, he was ever the attentive and punctual "Stage-Manager Mr. Henry Irving," as the play-bills of the period announced.

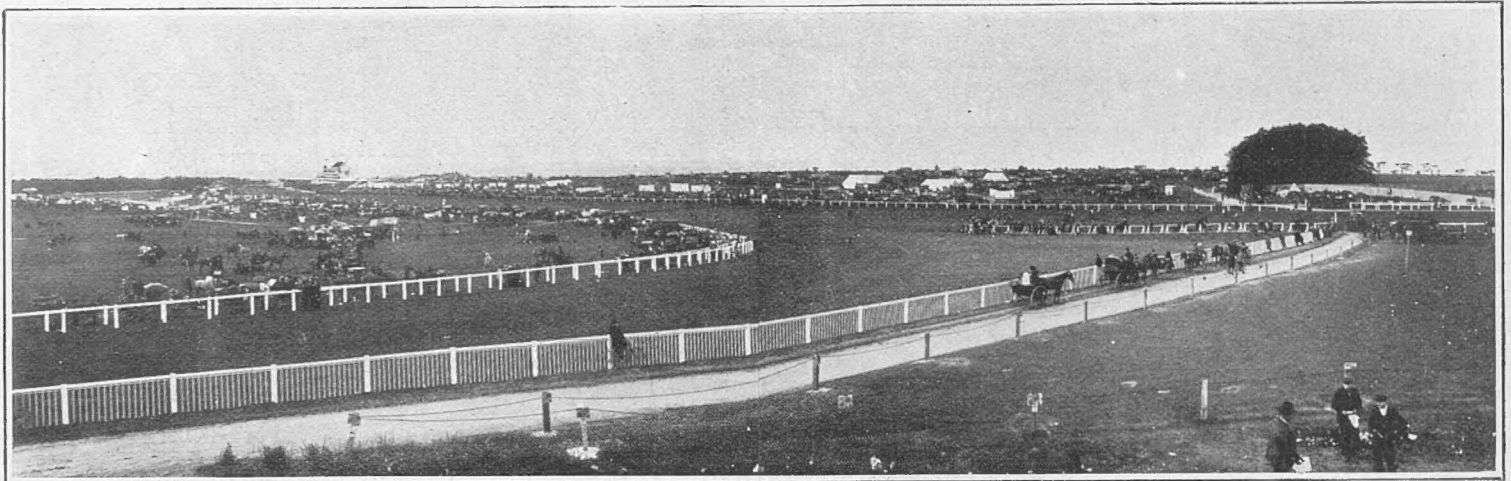
Of course, in all his vast Lyceum and English and American touring productions Sir Henry has the invaluable assistance of the equally experienced Mr. Harry Loveday, who, I may tell you, was engaged (principally then as violinist in the orchestra) at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, when Irving made his first appearance on any stage there in 1856. Directly Irving set up in the managerial business, he sent for his old friend Loveday, who is a fine stage-manager himself and one of the best fellows breathing. He and Irving always talk deeply over any contemplated big production before putting up any "calls."

Speaking of Irving rehearsals, once upon a time (it was about his mid-Lyceum time), Irving engaged a certain rather grotesque comedian to play a fine character in a certain very noble Shaksperian play. During the rehearsals, Irving noticed that this comedian threw himself into all sorts of extraordinary pantomimic attitudes and altogether behaved himself scarcely in accordance with the text.

Irving, ever tolerant and having a strong sense of humour, stood all this for some time without complaining. At length, even his patience became exhausted, and, calling the actor aside, he said, "Tell me, friend, about these attitudes and this hopping around—you, of course, have some good reason for adopting them? Eh? You have to play a very great comedy character of this marvellous author's. What is it, eh?"

"Oh, well, Guv'nor," replied the player, "I don't know that the part is particularly good, and so I was just trying to put a little character in it."

"Ah, yes!" quoth Irving, gently scratching his cheek, as his habit



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EPSOM RACECOURSE, AS SEEN FROM TATTENHAM CORNER STATION (S.E.R.).

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

contract with the Lyceum, Limited—that is, in 1904—I shall have been on the stage just upon fifty years!"

As Sir Henry gave me this reminder, I thought to myself, thought I, "Ah! and how wonderfully well and strong you look after your half-a-century's work—work which has meant so much for our stage and—"

"As to our next revival of 'Faust,'" said the Good Knight (Irving, in speaking of his achievements, always says "our"), "you must remember that our difficulties are much increased, because not only we have all new principals, barring myself, but every scene, dress, and 'property' has had to be made afresh. Every stitch of this production and of 'Becket,' which we do at the Lyceum next spring, was burnt to shreds in the fire which broke out some time ago in the railway-arches where we had to store our material."

The first of our talks on this matter took place at Sir Henry's delightful rooms in Stratton Street, an abode full of precious theatrical relics, of priceless volumes of histrionic lore, and of noble pictures of old-time great players, on whose history and achievements my old friend loves to dilate. Among other deeply interesting books he enthusiastically went over with me were sundry volumes of splendid dress-designs for "Faust," and certain other of his gorgeous productions, and a remarkable manuscript volume showing all the "returns," salaries, profits, &c., concerned with Charles Kean's memorable Shaksperian Seasons at the Princess's.

When next I struck Irving, it was the night before the revival of "Faust" at the Lyceum. And lo! there he was, fresh and vigorous (although he had had a long costume-rehearsal in the morning), busy on the stage directing a late night rehearsal of his huge Company of players. This time, however, "all concerned," whether playing heroes, heroines, German students, eldritch witches, or foul fiends, were in their habits as they go home. Still, all were being subjected to the searching "limes" and other necessary adjuncts of a great stage. But our greatest Actor-Manager was as calm, business-like, and eagle-eyed

is when meditating. "Quite so! Quite so! But—er—don't you think, eh, that you had better save it for our next production?"

The actor in question failed in the part and so that "next production" never came—for him.

At the recent International Cookery Exhibition (London Salon Culinaire) held at the Royal Albert Hall, M. Escoffier, the well-known Chef of the Carlton Hotel, was awarded the "Grand Prix," consisting of a Special Gold Medal, and not, as has been stated, the Second Prize.

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, again announce the welcome intelligence that their popular steamers will sail as usual during the coming season, commencing on Saturday, May 17, in time for Whitsuntide trippers, with *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-noor*, sailing to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate. *La Marguerite* will begin her trips to Margate, Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend on July 1. During the past winter months the steamers have been thoroughly overhauled.

Judging by the large assemblage that witnessed the struggle for the City and Suburban Stakes on Epsom Downs, despite the threatening aspect of the weather, this interesting event of the early racing season seems to prove a greater attraction to the famous Surrey enclosure each year. Last Wednesday's concourse was one of the largest that has ever been present on Epsom Downs to view the decision of the City and Suburban. The rail was wonderfully well patronised, and the large numbers to be seen issuing from the new station at Tattenham Corner testified to the public appreciation of the South-Eastern Railway Directors' enterprise in affording this additional facility for reaching the Downs. The station is in close proximity to the course, and the comprehensive view given in our illustration was taken from a point just outside the station.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 12.

FURTHER NOTES ON COLONIALS.

OUR notes on Cheap Colonial Securities appear to have attracted considerable attention, and we notice that one or two of our morning contemporaries have since our last issue been devoting a large share of attention to the subject. There is one security which we did not mention, and to which, perhaps, we ought to have called our readers' attention, and that is Ceylon 3 per cent. inscribed stock at about 95. The yield is about £3 6s. 8d., and the security is so nearly on a par with that of the Home Government that we cannot see any appreciable difference. The island is in a flourishing condition, and is a Crown Colony without the least prospect of becoming anything else, and, although in a strict legal sense the British tax-payer is not responsible for the island's debts, for all practical purposes the Government of the United Kingdom is bound to look after the payment of principal and interest. It is conceivable that the Legislature of an Australian State might repudiate, but that the Downing Street appointed Government of Ceylon should do such a thing is beyond the realms of the possible—at least, until default was made on Consols.

SOME FEATURES OF THE WEEK.

As *The Sketch* anticipated, the Welsbach litigation has been settled, and on the lines we have for over two months been suggesting as probable. It must not be forgotten that the arrangement does not get the Welsbach Company out of its difficulties, for it has been brought about by giving away the profits of monopoly. Instead of sevenpence, the price of mantles is to be threepence to the public, with a further rebate to the Gas Companies. It remains to be seen whether there is "a living wage" left for the Welsbach upon these terms. Of one thing we are quite certain, and that is, that reasonable interest on even half the capital of the concern cannot be made, unless very drastic reforms are introduced in the manufacture and management. A second feature of the week has been the wretched dividend and heavy slump in Mexican Rails. The market expected $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the First Preference, and actually got $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. only. As we write, the report has not been published, so that it is idle to speculate on the causes of the disappointment. The fall in silver has had something to do with it, but there must have been other matters, of which we shall know in good time. It is not improbable that the new manager has had something to say about larger appropriations being necessary for betterments and the like.

No one could write on the events of the week without noticing the rise in Canadian Pacifics, which are up about eight points. It is said that considerable buying has been going on by the people behind the great Atlantic Shipping Trust, who desire to obtain control not only of the United States railways, but of the Canadian lines also. Grand Trunks have been bought also, especially Little Trunks, which afford a cheap means of obtaining voting power. Canada is very prosperous, and especially that part of it served by the Canadian Pacific system, so that we cannot say the stock is too high even at 132.

We hear that Assam Oil shares are worth buying, as the refinery is now complete and the concern is about to reach the producing and selling stage of its life, and also that the cleverest people have been buying Union Pacific 4 per cent. bonds, which carry a right of conversion into Ordinary stock for five years. The interest appears safe enough, and who knows what the conversion rights may be worth, with so many years to run? It is a gilt-edged stock with a bit of a gamble in it as well.

YANKEES AND A BUCKET-SHOP.

Despite the curiously erratic condition of the Wall Street Money Market, Yankee Railroad shares are being vigorously put along by the Wall Street financiers. At the moment, speculation has all the appearance of a professional tussle. Sometimes the combatants meet, shake hands, and seem to swear eternal amity, which is a sure sign that next morning's papers will show them at deadly variance once more. The principal reason for temporary agreement is the necessity which exists for dumping all their huge lines of stock upon somebody other than themselves. It is all very well to go on buying up millions of dollars of stock in order that new schemes may be broached, but those same new plans must be financed, and the longest purse cannot buy the universe, the heaviest loans notwithstanding. With all its appearance of strength, the Yankee Market, at its base, is weak, and, when the lean years follow these fat ones—as they will inevitably do—the fabric must come down to a healthier level, whether Mr. Morgan is successful in unloading in Paris or not.

Those notorious bucket-shop keepers, Charles Bennett and Co., of New Broad Street, are marvels of perseverance. Last week alone they sent out three circulars, and we are amassing quite a file of their precious documents. Their method is delightfully simple. To start with, they pick out some stock or share—Louisville, Canadian Pacific, Dover "A," South-Western Deferred, as examples—in which a sharp rise has just occurred. Then you are invited to fill up a slip headed "I buy" so many shares of the Company—in other words, you are gambling against this bucket-shop, which veils its operations under the euphonious term "Prudentials." Apparently, there are still a number of fools left who send money to Charles Bennett and Co., otherwise the firm would hardly go to the expense of the stationery and postage involved by the issue of their circulars.

RHODESIANS AND KAFFIRS.

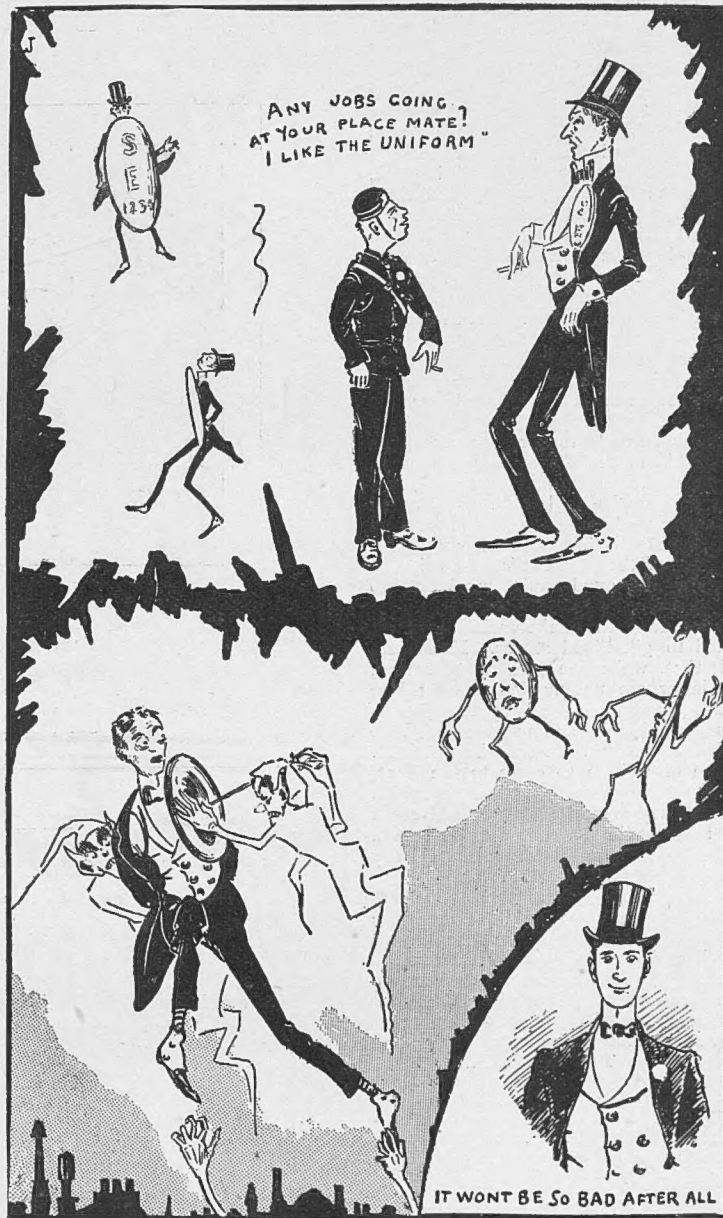
In the Kaffir Circus it is the lower-priced Deep Levels which are coming to the fore again, and a certain amount of public attention is falling to Wit. Deep, Knight's Deep, Rand Mines Deep, and suchlike. As to the last, the buyer should recognise that he acquires shares in a property the value of which it may take years to prove. In a good market and with plenty of public buying, Rand Mines Deep will still further improve; but the Company's title may mislead some who do not know that the undertaking is not of the same class as the great Rand Mines itself. East Rand Mining Estates is another Company whose name is a good deal traded upon—a Company which is best left alone by those who have any regard for keeping their cash. Pigg's Peak are going through one of their remarkable evolutions, and well-informed

authority calls them still cheap at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Rhodesians are not deriving much benefit, so far, from the Charter Trust Company. An uneasy feeling pervades the market that any rise which might take place would be taken advantage of by the late Mr. Rhodes' executors. But, with a little public encouragement, the market would assume a very different complexion, and Matabele Gold Reefs are probably as cheap as any Rhodesians at present in the list.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

With the Stock Exchange in its present frame of mind, it is useless to maintain that we honestly believe in there being no peace for the wicked. I suppose the House would cheerfully own up to as much moral obliquity as most bodies of men, but its conviction that Peace will soon be here is fixed unalterably, and, if the negotiations should, after all, prove fruitless, there will be a few nasty tumbles round the markets. It seems just as well to include in one's calculations the possibility of the Boer commandos refusing to come to terms yet awhile, and, without wishing to appear unduly pessimistic, it seems to me unnecessary to rush into large bull commitments for the time being. A week or so ago, moreover, I was among those who prophesied



THE "BADGER'S" DREAM.

Ever since the Committee expressed their intention to badge unauthorised clerks, young Throgmorton's rest has been broken by nightmares, in the most horrible of which he saw himself floating about in space, pursued by Goblins, who caught him and pinned on a huge badge.

a sharp boom immediately Peace was proclaimed, but since then, and day by day, orders to sell from all quarters have been coming in with a steadiness which has somewhat unsettled my previous predilection. The limits are mostly at prices well over those now ruling, but they show to some extent what we may expect, because, of course, my own experience is not singular by any means. Wherefore, all things considered, I crave not to be written down a red-hot bull of Kaffirs at to-day's figures, although that the market will go better afterwards I have no shadow of doubt. A share for which there has been little demand up to the present is Chimes West, the price of which is about a pound. The Company's property is in the Far East Rand, lying in the Benoni district. It adjoins the Kleinfontein on one side, and the Apex Syndicate has 183 claims below it. As a gamble, the shares are what the fourpence-a-liners call "worth attention." Talking of Kleinfontein, let me point out what a good speculation are the Company's new shares, in which a small market has been made at about half-a-crown premium per share. These new are issued at 1½, and the price of the old stands at 1½, so that for the believer in Kleinfontein the former are distinctly cheaper to buy for special settlement. It will be noticed that the shares of the heavy "Gold" Companies are on the rise. Heriots, for instance, have advanced to 8, and this market generally is very strong. By the way, it may also be observed that East Rands at the time of writing are all but 10, and my suggestions of a few weeks ago are hereby justified.

You have only to read the halfpenny hystericals for a week or ten days in order to be firmly convinced that this country is going to the dogs—in other words, to the Americans. With all due deference to the two morning shriekers, I hope that at least a few of us will be able to keep our heads under the present circumstances. A few grains of consolation are still left. I am assured that the offer which Mr. J. P. Morgan made to buy up London and all that therein is has been emphatically refused. Nor is it true that a syndicate of American brokers is about to acquire a controlling interest in the internal affairs of the Stock Exchange. Moreover, it is unfortunately not the case that Mr. Vanderbilt has made a bid for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; while the further statement that he intended to equip it with Pullman-cars is a mere trimming of the imagination. It is, however, credibly rumoured that a Yankee Trust has been formed to buy up all the badges that may be issued to unauthorised clerks, and this is clearly an insidious way for obtaining that control to which the other report referred, because, of course, all the unauthorised Americans will become members in two years' time, gradually driving us from our field. But, leaving the practical for the ridiculous, I may, perhaps, be allowed to air my opinion that all this fuss and outcry is considerably undignified, to say the least of it, and, even if we are without a heaven-born financier, surely our men of business are sufficiently wide awake, and patriotic, too, for the protection of British interests, however mighty the competitor may appear. If an American wants to buy my sovereigns at thirty shillings each, I should not be the one to stand in his way.

Considerable attention is being directed towards Electric-lighting Companies as likely to prove profitable investments in view of the Cor—I mean, what is going to happen in June; and certainly the shares of such companies as the Westminster, the Notting Hill, and the St. James's, and one or two others, are sound investments of their class. It does not do, however, to build too much upon the prospects of, say, a fortnight's public festivities. If any attempt should be made to boom Electric shares, the holder of these securities might very well consider the advisability of turning out. Debatable finance in the matter of providing for depreciation is being sharply called into question, and the publicity given to the damaging figures cannot fail to have an effect in keeping the general investor from this department. That the attempt to get up a scare was somewhat exaggerated, the steadiness of the share-list is good evidence to show; but I repeat my advice as to what to do should any boomlet break out—to wit, get out.

Whether Peace comes at once or tarries in her coming, the markets which are most likely to substantially benefit are those devoted to gilt-edged stocks. Kaffirs are high; their most devoted adherent will admit that, while the greatest scorn of investment descriptions cannot say that the latter are unduly inflated. (More journalistic.) It is most likely that we shall see this year a steady appreciation of values in the Home Railway pre-Ordinary Stocks, Colonials, and in many of those silver-edged securities upon which a comfortable 4 per cent. can now be obtained. Home Railway Ordinary issues are showing some disposition to come to the front, and one is getting more orders in Home Rails than has been the case for months. And the cautious investor will probably do better to buy even the most gilded stock than put his money into Kaffir Debentures; it may possibly be that Consols have a few points rise in them, although it is hard to see on what grounds the public will buy Goschens up to anything near par. Yet the price is being talked to a hundred!

The unauthorised clerk, as above noted, is to be badged, after all. Wonder whether it will stop some of those boys checking bargains in the settling-room every morning, for whose admission never a penny has been paid. It is quite certain that this class of young gentleman abounds, and possibly the consideration of taxing them has reconciled the Managers to the new decoration against which they were supposed to have set their faces. I have seen the proof of our Artist's cartoon for this week's *Sketch*, the purport of which will, no doubt, come home to many an aching unauthorised breast. If the badge is not extended to the authorised in course of time, my name is not

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, April 26, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

IVEL.—Both concerns are good to hold for the present, but Mining and Exploration Company's shares can hardly be called suitable for permanent investment. Holders of such things must watch the reports and prices, and should be ready to sell whenever the market conditions point to the price being quite high enough.

G. S.—(1) We do not see the advantage you would gain by allowing your shares to be forfeited, as you would still be liable to pay the call. Send us the last report to examine, and we will reply more fully. (2) Hold on to your Central Argentine. You will be able to realise whenever you want money.

GREEN.—Perhaps there won't be a boom, after all. This sliding into Peace in an impalpable way is all against it. Nos. 1 and 3 on your list we like best. We suggest Goetz and Co., Langlaagte, and Angelo Deep as additions to your own selections.

M. Y.—We really cannot add anything to what we wrote last week with what we have added in these Notes. Of the available Colonials, Cape 4 per cent. bonds appear to us about the pick of the basket.

LINDEN.—German 3 per cent. stock is not largely held here, but is safe enough to hold without disturbing your sleep.

A. GOERZ AND COMPANY.—The accounts for the year 1901 show a realised net profit, including £104,713 brought forward from 1900, of £138,102. The Directors have declared a dividend of 10 per cent. on the paid-up Ordinary share capital, and have decided to carry forward the sum of £49,902 to the credit of the current year's accounts. Mr. H. Strakosch has been appointed a Managing Director of the Company, and will have general control of its European business.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



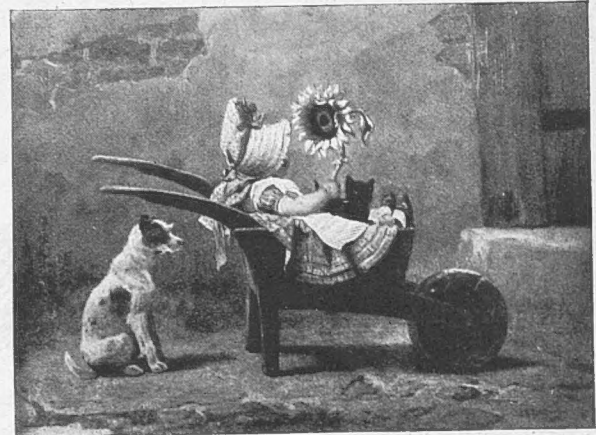
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